

# TOC H JOURNAL

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## THE STATUE

A FABLE FOR SOME FUTURE ARMISTICE DAY.

A TRAVELLER came to a certain town, and as he entered through one of its wide gates, a passer-by spoke to him.

"Welcome, Sir," said the citizen. "I see by your dress that you are a stranger, and make bold to accost you. You must not fail to see the statue in our market place. We take a great pride in it, and for my part I consider myself fortunate in being one of the community that owns so fine a work of art and so grand a memorial."

"Your welcome is most courteous," answered the traveller. "I shall certainly take pains to see the statue." And he passed on.

So when the traveller had made his way into the city, he paused for a moment, wondering in which direction the market place lay. While he stood in doubt, another citizen presented himself, hat in hand.

"You seem unfamiliar with our city," said the newcomer, politely. "If, as I suppose, you are seeking the market place, I can easily direct you to it."

"You are right in your supposition," said the traveller.

"Naturally," said the citizen, smiling, "All the world comes to see our great statue; and I have pointed out the way to many. It would be strange if I did not know it, for it was I who proposed the setting-up of the statue in the market place. I am fortunate enough to be one of the town council."

"My respects to you," said the traveller, saluting him.

"Follow the straight course," said the Councillor, pointing, "and ask again when you come to the open park."

Bidding the citizen good-day, the traveller proceeded on his way, nor did he pause until he had come to the park. Then, as he had been instructed to do, he made further inquiry at the door of a little shop.

"Yes, indeed, I can tell you," said the woman who came to the door, "for it was my husband who designed the pedestal for it. John, another stranger to see the statue."

"How do you do, Sir?" said the husband, coming from the back of the shop. "Your face seems to me a familiar one. Never been here before? Ah! I must have been mistaken—a chance resemblance, no doubt. Turn to the

right, and follow this wall, and you will soon reach the statue, for which I designed the pedestal, as the good people of this town will tell you."

The traveller withdrew, and walked leisurely along by the wall. At the first corner, he met a working man, who was carving a bit of stone work over a doorway.

"A stranger, sir?" inquired the workman, as the traveller approached. "To see the statue, no doubt?"

"Yes," said the traveller.

"A good bit of work, and well worth your time. Many's the long day I have worked over it. I carved the block, and never did a handsomer job in my life. But, wait! here is a man who can show you the way. Henry!"

At his call, a man, who was driving a heavy wagon, drew up near the sidewalk.

"Can you show this gentleman the way to the statue?"

"*Can* I? Why you know well enough that I drew the statue to its place with this very horse and wagon. Come, my friend, follow me—or, better still, get up on my wagon, and I'll take you there. You're a lighter load than that bit of stone, I warrant you!"

So the traveller mounted upon the wagon, and was soon at the market place, and stood before the statue itself.

As he gazed up at it, another citizen addressed him: "Admiring the statue, eh? Well, it's a noble bit of art and a credit to the place. Every stranger says so."

"It seems well done and well kept," replied the traveller, quietly.

"Well kept! to be sure it is well kept! Would the town council have put me here if I didn't attend to my duty? Yes; you see before you the statue keeper. It's a great responsibility; but there, there—the townspeople don't complain, so I suppose my work is not badly done."

"Who is it?" asked the traveller.

"Oh! I never thought to ask," said the man, unconcernedly. "Maybe, I've heard the name; no doubt I have. But I've forgotten it long since."

The traveller thanked the man and gave him a silver coin. Then he departed out of the city. But when he came to the gate in the city wall, there was a boy playing marbles near by, for school hours were over. And as the traveller passed by, the boy looked to see whose shadow fell upon the wall, and springing to his feet, cried out: "See! see! There is the man whose statue stands in the market place!"

And so it was! But none else in the city knew anything beyond their stone image of the man. "You were asleep and dreaming in the sun," the people said, when the boy told his story. And, as the traveller never came again, even the boy himself began, as he grew older, to think it was a dream, so real seemed the statue compared with his faint memory of the great one in whose honour it stood aloft.

AVEC 'EM.



# A NEW PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.—IX

## TUBBY SUMS UP AUSTRALIA

I. ON THE TRANS-AUSTRALIAN TRAIN, EAST-BOUND. 10.9.25.

**I**F the readers of the JOURNAL would entertain conjecture of my present whereabouts, I am rolling through a salt-bush desert rather larger than the United Kingdom, with no running water nearer than Norway. We are just approaching a bit of the track which is dead level and dead straight for three hundred and sixty miles, with nothing higher than a walking-stick above the sand. When we are across this, I shall reckon that I have turned the corner of the round world—an Irishism as old as the Psalms—and am homeward bound at last.

I am alone and rather proud of it ; for I have been so spoiled by having first Pat and then Geoffrey Tetley to invigilate over my movements, that I was coming to regard myself as a creature destitute of Dr. Samuel Smiles. Now both my mentors are behind me ; Pat in Tasmania and Geoffrey in Adelaide, to join me next week in Perth. Meantime, I am practising on his Underwood, which is bearing up bravely against the all-permeating sand.

Grace be to God, and under God to Pat and Herbert Hayes, Toc H Australia is really on the map at last. I cannot now indulge in details, but seven good groups and seven thousand pounds are both under-estimates of the real results already. At Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide wholetime Padres have been appointed, and their salaries wholly or partly provided. At Adelaide there is also a wholetime Jobmaster, and at Melbourne and at Sydney, a wholetime Registrar. No Mark is yet established, but I have no doubt whatever that this will follow before long. As all Toc H men know, Leicester Branch owes its strength to the fact that it was first built round an idea, and the Mark came two years later. Men must learn to work together, before they can hope to live together in love and joy and peace.

Of Australia itself, and of the exceeding great kindness we have met with, I cannot now write. Apart from one day at my birth-place, I have seen little beyond the big cities ; and these are no more index to the real Australia than a week at Havre was to Hooghe. But the problems and possibilities of young life in and around these Cities are a big enough sphere in all conscience to begin with ; Toc H up-country will follow. Indeed its spirit is already there.

Time was against us when we came. Ten years and more than ten thousand miles are enough to strain most memories, and the real wonder has been how some have proved unconquerable. Jim Arkell at Brisbane or Scotty at Melbourne are from the same bin as Peter Bell at Toronto, or Whitehead at Kelowna, or Jack Perston at Wellington, N.Z., or Mayoss and Lee at Winnipeg. I dare not name one at home, for, thank God, I should have to name a hundred ! Ten years' delay is nothing to such men. But once the long lacuna is overcome, time turns his tunic and joins us as an ally. It becomes clear at once that Toc H has other fish to fry than memories of Flanders. The British stock which holds Australia is facing the most formidable test of its character and code. Tropical or sub-tropical conditions of climate, a vast continent dowered with natural wealth past computation, an area larger than the United States in the hands of a population smaller than that of the County of London—what trusteeship in the world is more difficult or exacting ? Still misunderstood at Home, and coveted elsewhere, a prey to the fiercest political discords and sectarian animosities, her new-born Nationhood has no easy task before it. Freedom is here a passion and a birthright boisterously guarded ; discipline, a dubitable and crotchety conception. Hardihood is a habit with them, and careless self-reliance. It is an indignity to ask for help, and an uneasiness to receive it : they are more suspicious of patronage than a Persian king of poison.

But Toc H Australia has come to stay. The need is there, and the men wherewith to meet it. The cities are packed full of problems, which must be solved if the Capitals are to be to their

States a source of strength and not of weakness. Duty in its dungarees of Service must run a tilt against self-pleasing ; and weekday Worship is a real advance, where a winter Sunday is more alluring than a May morning at Home.

## II. A LAST WORD FROM PERTH. 21.9.25.

YESTERDAY, the fifteenth Sunday after Trinity, I finished my course in the Commonwealth, and am now waiting with Geoffrey Tetley for the overdue *Malatian* to convey us to Singapore. She is three days late already, and may be a week behindhand, which will play old Harry with our F.M.S. programme. But with Australian shipping at its present *impasse*, and every harbour full of liners no more mobile than house-boats, it is a mercy to find anything with a marine screw in motion.

I've loved our time at Perth, and at Guilford nearby. A small solid Group is now settling down to work in each place, and I have every confidence that they will make good, and do good, and be it ; which is best of all. One or two of the members, hard-bitten with Toc H, are going to be real leaders in Western Australia in days to come. Moreover, the young Grammar School at Guilford, as fine in spirit as any I have seen this year, is "all in" over Toc H, and its Head—Captain Hinkley of Christ's Hospital—is "*anima naturaliter Toc H iana*," as great an asset to the future of W.A., as the Head of "Housey" is to the hundreds of "Old Blues" who pass out into the wide world from the moulding of his hands.

On Friday night last I had the joy of initiating the first picked team of members for the two Groups I have already named, over their own Rushlight made (as at Melbourne) by the quick craftsmanship of one of the members. On Saturday I turned Schoolmaster, and took the Senior Form of the Grammar School in English—or that was at least the prescribed curriculum. At night, I lectured to the school with lantern slides, and had the joy of taking Prayers and a Preparation Class afterwards in the School Chapel, the most beautiful by far in all Australia, the amazing gift of an anonymous Englishman. On Sunday morning early, with the aid of a great body of School Communicants, I stood to plead and break. Then later in the day, four sermons, all too long, but bravely endured ; and back at 10.30 p.m. to supper, to find a member of Mark V Branch—whose public identity is neither here nor there—arrived as a fellow-guest at Government House.

Once more the Old House worked its white magic in the arrival at Perth for the period of my visit of H. V. Jenkin, late Spr. A.R.O.D., and fellow-actor in Sheridan's "Critics" in the Old House in 1918. Jenkin beat all records by coming over three hundred miles to the meeting ; and has now gone back to Mount Barker escaping a goodbye, but with a Lamp disc glowing in his button-hole, and a new pioneering purpose in his heart. When last I saw Pat, a month ago, we shared the discovery of a passage in the Lesson for the day, which is the perfect prophecy of the feeling of some of us older folk towards the Birthday Festival (not "Party," please !). It is at the latter end of Ezra III :—" *And they sang together by course in praising and giving thanks unto the Lord ; because he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever unto Israel. And all the people shouted with a great shout, when they praised the Lord, because the foundation of the house of the Lord was laid. But many of the priests and Levites and chief of the fathers, who were ancient men, that had seen the first house, when the foundation of the house was laid before their eyes, wept with a loud voice ; and many shouted aloud for joy ; so that the people could not discern the noise of the shout of joy from the noise of the weeping of the people : for the people shouted with a loud shout, and the noise was heard afar off.*" Yes, even to Kelowna, B.C., to Seatown Heights, N.Z., and to Mount Barker, W.A. !

TUBBY.



## PAT REPORTS PROGRESS

On board *S.S. Riverina*. 3 HOURS OUT OF HOBART EN ROUTE FOR SYDNEY. 11.9.1925.

**I** WARN you that this narrative will be mainly about myself, for the very good reason that since the end of July I have seen Tubby only once—when we met in Sydney ten days ago. He has been working miracles in Adelaide and Melbourne, while I have been sight-seeing in Queensland and New South Wales. As I write, he is already moving eastward towards his ship at Perth, where doubtless he will achieve another conquest before embarking for Singapore and all those other jolly places in Malaya. It is a doleful prospect for me, for I shan't see him again until we meet in Calcutta on November 1.

I am on my way now to Sydney on board the good ship *Riverina*, after one of the happiest weeks of the whole tour. Tasmania has quite won my heart. It reminds me of England with a good climate, and in sentiment as in scenery it is more home-like than the Mainland. Its abiding glory in my memory will not however be its rich northlands or its water-power, nor yet its harbour or its sunshine, but the sunshine in the hearts of its people. From first to last they have been kindness itself. While in Hobart I've been the guest of the Governor, who with the Mayor and Bishop have made my job as easy as it has been happy.

My first impression of Tasmania was not altogether happy, for when our steamer touched the pier at Burnie, in the early hours of last Saturday, the boat-train—the recognised link between me and my Sunday engagements in Hobart—turned to see if we were coming, and then gave a derisive hoot on its whistle and beat it out of the station. Fortunately for me there were other victims of this practical joke, so nine of us chartered a Buick. In this we and our luggage covered the hundred odd miles to Launceston. There we spent the afternoon and caught the night train to Hobart. Hobart, in case your geography is as sketchy as mine, is the Capital of Tasmania—a red-roofed city of 40,000 people, lying snug between a rugged snow-sprinkled mountain and a vast land-locked harbour in which all the fleets of the world can find anchorage. The harbour must surely be the finest in the world. Deep water everywhere and at the wharf-side 64 feet of it at low-tide. It isn't every city that can boast a cab-rank for ocean liners, or enjoys the advantage or sensation of having big ships poke their noses into the main street.

Last night a definite start was made. A Jobmaster, a Secretary and two Padres were elected, and following Tubby's example at Vancouver, I entrusted a small selection committee with the task of picking the team to play the game of Toc H. There are plenty of playing members waiting to be picked, and I am happier about Hobart than any group on the Mainland.

However I'm beginning at the wrong end of the story. August in N.S.W. is usually a wet month with cold wintery winds. This year was no exception, and while trying to build bravely in Sydney, I got caught by the plague. I was making arrangements for a cheap funeral when some charming people called Read carried me off for three days in the Blue Mountains. The Blue Mountains form the misplaced backbone of Australia, and are to the East coast what the Rockies are to the West coast of America. We set off from Sydney in a new 8 cylinder Packard and all the first day followed the track discovered by three stout-hearted explorers—Baxland, Wentworth and Lawson—who set out in 1813 to find a way across the rugged mountains to the fertile plains beyond. Even now, one wonders how on earth they managed to overcome the difficulties of the journey—no water, hostile blacks and many previous failures to discourage them. However they did win through eventually, and following them, a party of 28 convicts built the road—101½ miles long—in six months, an almost unbelievable achievement. The man in charge of the operation is represented in Toc H to-day by a very active member of the L.W.H. in Sydney.

At three or four places we left the main road to see the views. The names of these vantage points are full of romance and are picturesque descriptions of the typical Blue Mountain scenery—"Evan's Lookout" "Govett's Leap," "Cox's Bluff." The Blue Mountains are really high wooded table lands torn and fissured by wide gullies. At each Lookout we stood, as it seemed, on the edge of the world. Behind us the virgin forest: in front a mighty chasm with precipitous sides: below a valley choked with rocks and densely covered with bush. The scenery is wild and untamed, but infinitely beautiful. Beyond the gorges and gullies the red-scarred cliffs, similar to the ones we stood on, rise in echelon against a background of distant mountains, to which some trick of the atmosphere gives a glorious veil of blue. At "Govett's Leap," so goes the story, a bushranger of that name rather than suffer capture by his pursuers, spurred his horse to a gallop and made his last desperate leap to an inaccessible grave among the rocks and gumtrees 2,000 feet below. The next day we spent inspecting the famous Jenolan Caves. They are the most extraordinary system of natural caverns and passages running into the hearts of the mountains, and are both beautifully and grotesquely decorated with stalactites and other formations. In one cave the formations looked for all the world like rashers of bacon, in another like Cashmir shawls with coloured borders. The colour is caused by the presence of iron in the ground through which the lime water has percolated. One cave was like a beautiful Indian Temple, another had wonderful minarets, yet another had a Persian air about it. I could have stayed there indefinitely, but our plan was to cross the mountains so that I might see the great plains beyond, where a quarter of the world's stock of sheep grow the famous merino wool. At Bathurst we turned for home, and followed the old Sydney-Bathurst road, which in the old days was the bushrangers' happy hunting ground. At every corner my imagination pictured a party of those bearded worthies on their blood horses bailing up the gold escort or the weekly coach.

On my return I went to Newcastle, where Jack Roach of Altrincham is eagerly expected by the Group Tubby started there. They are fortunate in having a glorious Warriors' Chapel built as a memorial to the 12,000 men of N.S.W. who gave away their lives in barter for the ideals to which Toc H stands pledged. Round the walls of the Chapel are engraved the verse of Laurence Binyon we all know so well—"They shall grow not old." Immediately over the altar comes the "We will remember them." It is a real gem of a place, a really fine piece of understanding, and expresses a sentiment all too rare out here. The natural corollary of the Warriors' Chapel is a living Society of young men going out into the world to make the dreams for which it stands come true.

From Newcastle I went north the 700 miles to Brisbane. On the way there the train stops for a drink at Helidon, where Tubby a month previously made friends with a Roman Catholic priest, who with his dog was on the station watching the train go through. The dog tried to take a piece out of Tubby's leg. Tubby excused the dog on the grounds that obviously it was a good Catholic and attacked him as a heretic. He went on to explain that Toc H was out to take the snarl out of human dogs, and to conquer even denominational hate. When I went through Helidon Fr. Lynch and his dog was there to meet me, and while we discussed a cup of tea, the dog licked my hand and Fr. Lynch assured me that since reading the literature Tubby gave him, he had remembered Toc H daily at his Altar. I thereupon transferred my Toc H badge to his button-hole and added his name to the Family Roll.

In Brisbane a small but excellent Group is hard at work getting its feet firm and its hands busy. There is plenty of scope for its sweetening and healing influence, for I was hard put to it to escape the consequences of a bitter Railway Strike, and only got out of Queensland by the last train to run.

Once back in N.S.W. I broke my journey at Glen Innes to talk to the boys of the New England



Grammar School, and again at Armidale for a most delightful week-end at the Armidale School. On Saturday afternoon the boys were introduced to Rogerum and the lives of some of the Toc H saints, and in the evening to the Lantern Lecture. On Sunday after early Service in the School Chapel, the Vicar of Armidale—an ex-naval chaplain—introduced me to the real Australia. We spent the day in the bush, driving some 80 miles in the back blocks to hold monthly services at various outlying stations. Our first stop was at Wollomombi, where our Church was a tin shed. About 50 people came in from far and near; some in cars, some in sulkies and some on horse-back. The congregation consisted of squatters or station owners and their stockmen with a rabbit or two and a storekeeper. There were some women too, but the men greatly outnumbered them. After the service, we lit our fire by a billabong, boiled our billy and ate our tucker with the sun streaming down upon us—the ideal way of eating a Sunday dinner. At Jeogla—37 miles from the nearest railway—we had a bush Baptism. We had driven many miles through the forest when we came out into a clearing round a solitary corrugated shed. This was the recognised meeting place for a neighbourhood as big as an English county. As the time for Church drew near, families began to arrive from all directions. Horses were the order of the day, and during the service they were tethered to the railing round the shed. The Vicar from 40 miles away knew everybody, and it was extraordinary to see with what joy they welcomed his visit. An old lady of 72, who usually arrived at a hand canter, was the only absentee in all that vast area. An illiterate stockman had brought along his son for Baptism. The boy was 7 years old, and having been overlooked in the past, was now clamouring to be baptised. Fonts are few and far between in the Australian bush, but a cup and a saucer did duty, and nobody seemed to find it incongruous or unseemly.

The evening saw me back in comparative civilisation and preaching in a crowded Cathedral. The daily train—which leaves at midnight—then carried me away to Tubby and Geoffrey Tetley. The problem we had to face was where to find a whole-time Padre for Sydney. All our attempts had failed and we were feeling pretty desperate, when Dean Crotty of Newcastle had a brain-wave. The brain-wave was translated into an urgent wire, and at 11 o'clock that same night, the train delivered the victim into our hands. Then and there we went into committee, and before dawn the victim had accepted our invitation, subject to the approval of his bishop and other interested persons. He is just the man, but as his appointment is not yet confirmed, I mustn't say more.

Blessings on the whole boiling of you. Keep the prayers going and the home fires burning.

PAT.

## SOME FURTHER SIDELIGHTS

THUS far we have the narratives of our Pilgrims themselves. The very varied selection of papers, which Tubby has sent to Headquarters enables us to add something here and there to the story.

### NEW SOUTH WALES.

To begin where the Pilgrims began—at *Sydney*—we have to chronicle the name of the whole-time Padre to whose appointment Pat refers in his last paragraph above. He is the Rev. Thomas Giles Paul, and all we know of him on this side is that he was born in England forty-two years ago, that he was at Merton College, Oxford, and St. John's Theological College, Melbourne, that he served with the 6th Battalion A.I.F. from August, 1914, until after the Armistice—enlisting as a private and finishing up as a captain, with a Military Cross—and that since then he has been on the staff of Newcastle Cathedral, and then rector of

Wallsend in New South Wales. For the rest we can heartily congratulate him and Toc H on the partnership now beginning.

Next, there is a report to Tubby from Jobmaster Stretch, of the *Newcastle Group*, dated August 26: "We have had four meetings now. The first was just a small gathering. We then decided on a Newsboys' Club as being the first practical step in the way of work.\* Our first night brought only four, but since then we have increased it to over thirty, and they are great cards and good material. On the 17th we had Pat with us; he is loved by us all, as yourself. Twenty-five of us had tea in the Parish Hall at 6.15, after which we had the Ceremony of Light—we use a candle instead of a Lamp, and it serves the purpose very well. We then adjourned to the sitting-room, where Pat held sway. I had to leave to look after the newsboys; as bad luck will have it, they both fall on the same night, but at present we have no alternative. Later in the evening we had our first initiation. [*Here follow the names of fourteen members initiated, including the padre, Dean Crotty, the secretary, and the jobmaster.*] On the Sunday Pat had a celebration in the Warrior's Chapel, which he thought was beautiful. He also preached a fine Toc H sermon at night. . . . Last Monday we had quite a good time. Seventeen of us sat down to tea. We then had our meeting, and after that the Newsboys' Club—about 40 turned up—and we sent them home about 9.15, after they had filled their tummies. We have several chaps who have put their names in for membership, but we will not take them for a while, until some more jobs are found." Pat's impressions of his visit to the Group are interesting. Writing home from Newcastle on August 17, he says: "The chief joy of Newcastle is the Warrior's Chapel in the Cathedral. It is their War Memorial, and a perfect gem of a place. Quite simple, but everything of the very best, and best of all it has a right atmosphere. So far, in Australia, we have not found a very widespread appreciation of the fact that 60,000 Australians gave their lives in the war. There is practically no sentiment of the kind which means so much in England. . . . Anyhow this Warrior's Chapel is all the more wonderful because it is practically unique in Australia. Round the walls is carved the verse of Laurence Binyon we use for our Light: '*They shall grow not old,*' and it is so arranged that the words '*We will remember them*' come over the altar. I had a celebration there on Sunday, and for the first time since we started I felt I was back in the old country. Last night we had a meeting of the Group. They have been meeting regularly since Tubby started them off, and are a good lot, young and inexperienced, but keen, and as a corporate piece of service have started a very successful and much-needed club for newspaper boys. All the time one feels that Toc H out here is a real adventure of faith. There is so little idealism and no hero-worship at all in the Australian make up. Any fellow who joins up is going against the stream of popular sentiment—and when we've gone we will leave behind us these little groups of men standing alone in their dedication to an ideal in the midst of cities for the most part indifferent if not openly hostile. I charge you, therefore, not to forget these rather forlorn but courageous brothers of ours. Give them the help you've given Tubby and me in such generous measure."

#### LEFT-HANDED COMPLIMENTS.

There is no direct news from Broken Hill, the third Toc H centre in New South Wales, but a testimonial to its activity comes from a (dare we say unprejudiced?) outside source. The *Barrier Daily Truth*, a miner's paper, heads its two-column leading article on August 26: "TOC H DOPE—MORE KU KLUX KLANISM." After resounding references to the "serpent" of Ku Klux Klan and Fascism under Mussolini, "that indomitable tyrant," it sets beside them "another of the same type of organisation which is attempting to make its presence

\* See October JOURNAL, p. 264. We take this opportunity of apologising to Hubert Stretch for printing his name as "Sketch" on that page.—Ed.



felt throughout the world. It is an even weirder concoction than the other two—Toc H. . . With the aid of the capitalist press, it is slowly eating its way into the hearts of the people, acting on their psychological weaknesses to sink its tendrils\* into their midst. If the workers do not keep on the alert Toc H will become quite as powerful a factor in life as the Ku Klux Klan, and exercise a dangerous influence on the destinies of the people. And for whom? Certainly not for the militant workers who had the sense and principle to steer clear of the capitalist war—the memories of which Toc H seeks to keep ever green as an example of pride to the younger generation. Against whom? Certainly not the representatives of the exploiting class, which caused the war, secured the services of the doped workers for cannon fodder, and still work to keep the fire of jingoism burning. . . . The basic principle of Toc H is admittedly to bring master and man together (a ridiculous impossibility when their interests are so opposed), to train the younger generation to carry on its worship of War and, under the control of a ‘jobmaster,’ to execute deeds—what kind we are left to imagine.” (We hope that the jobmaster and members of Broken Hill Group will not leave them long in suspense.) Having thus neatly summed up the aims of Toc H, the *Daily Truth* gives a thumbnail sketch which readers will recognise as any old guest-night of their experience—“Captains, Colonels and Knights-at-arms are to associate on a basis of equality and go through a ridiculously childish and superstitious ceremony. The room is darkened. A lamp is lit, some piffle spoken, and all have worshipped at a common altar of sacrifice! In short, it is but another form of dope calculated to set aside the antagonism between the warmonger, the Imperialist, the sweater, the loafer of our modern society, and the toiler. . . . The whole ‘ideal,’ as it is called, of Toc H is absolutely irreconcilable with the principle of Labour, let the Rev. P. B. Clayton say what he will!” The leader-writer then enjoys himself in attacking an article on Toc H by Robert Blatchford, which his own paper seems to have printed (by mistake?). As for Robert Blatchford himself, the veteran Socialist, the writer can’t make up his mind whether he is “an old idealist gone fanatical or an unprincipled scoundrel”; one thing is certain—unlike the *Daily Truth’s* article, “he never had any depth.” The article ends: “Toc H must be nipped in the bud or ignored” (but supposing it doesn’t want to be either?) “before it has the power to wield an influence on the lines of its ideals. It must be crushed before it is another Fascism or another Ku Klux Klan.” On the following day the *Daily Truth* was so generous as to print a Toc H member’s letter of reply, containing, among other things, the “Four Points of our Compass.” The paper devotes another half-column to comment on this letter, but we don’t feel that it adds—or subtracts—much, except to establish the fact that Toc H differs from the Ku Klux Klan by doing the same things “in a sly underhand way.” After this most generous campaign of advertisement of Toc H (there have been, in all, long contributions in four issues of the *Barrier Daily Truth*), it only remains for the Broken Hill Group to rope in the whole editorial staff as members.

#### QUEENSLAND.

Next, a few words from *Brisbane*, where Jim Arkell, as secretary, and Padre Cue are helping to hold the fort. Jim Arkell is a Foundation member of Toc H, and celebrated the fact the other day by sending to Tubby, through Pat, a lapel Lamp badge, with his name and Tubby’s bracketed on the back with the date 1916. Tubby, in writing to thank him, calls it “the sweetest act of thoughtfulness I have received all the world round. I am, as you know, a desperately careless and untidy creature, but—so help me, God—I won’t lose this token of our lifelong friendship. . . . When I ‘go West’ finally, you must just write

\* Our own dictionary is old-fashioned, and doesn’t get beyond “tendon” and “tendril.”—ED.

to the fellows who try to tidy up my things and say what you want done with the badge. Some day, perhaps, it might come back to the chapel of Brisbane House, in token of a brotherhood built up between two Queenslanders in Flanders, consecrated at the Bench of the Divine Carpenter, and renewed in brave building of the first group in Queensland." Brave building it seems to be, judging by a letter from Jim Arkell, dated September 3: "We are in the midst of a railway strike which is playing havoc with Brisbane generally. Our little group is progressing. To-morrow (our usual weekly meeting) I have arranged for the chairman of the Strike Committee and the leader of our Opposition to be present to address us. I hope they both attend as promised; it will be rather unusual for two opponents to meet and address the same gathering."

#### VICTORIA.

News from *Melbourne* is brief but good. Padre Hayes wrote home to Peter Monic on September 16: "Things are humming along here now. We have two central Groups doing splendid work and an outside Group also shaping well. Requests are coming in from country centres, indicating that we shall soon have country Groups at work. There is no doubt now that Toc H has taken deep root in Victoria. The enthusiasm of members is inspiring, and thoughtful folk who have seen something of our many activities have been deeply impressed by the value of our idealism. The Toc Emmas are doing wonderful work, including splendid service in the Toc H office, which is rapidly becoming a hive of industry." And Tubby writes to Pat: "At Melbourne it is evident from the letter to-day from the trusty and well-beloved Fussell (hon. secretary of the Group) that there will be a steady growth there." And surely Toc H will grow deep as well as wide in the State of Victoria, if all members feel like "a lone Toc H-er up-country in Victoria," whose letter Tubby (in writing to a member in Chilliwack, B.C.) quotes: "You asked me to jot down some ideas for Toc H country members. Like Toc H everywhere, there can be no rules, but yet I think our ideals are almost harder to live up to here than for the town member. He has his definite 'job' to do, one evening a week, or whatever it may be, and his conscience may be reasonably clear. We have no definite job, and can only pull our weight by thinking and living Toc H every minute of the day. Once we have 'caught the spirit,' service comes automatically—dozens of little jobs appear all through the day. Ours must be the old slogan, 'Toc H is out to do all the little jobs that other people don't think worth while.'"

#### SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

The first great news about *Adelaide* is that Mark Robinson, who was hard at work for us before the Pilgrims landed and has stood by them all through, has accepted the full-time jobmastership—"an access of strength all round," as Tubby says. The gift of £500 to make this possible was reported in the *JOURNAL* last month (sec p. 263). On August 13 Dr. Duguid ("Sandy") writes to Tubby: "Toc H is not languishing in Adelaide; of course the news" (i.e., of the endowments for a South Australian padre and an Adelaide jobmaster) "is an immense uplift, but you will find that, before the permanent padre and jobmaster arrive, we will have our feet on the rock, well founded. Bob (*W. A. Case*), a gentleman of leisure, came forward and offered his services as pro-tem secretary, and for the meantime we have appointed him jobmaster too. Yesterday, I took him along to the Soldiers' Tubercular Aid Society offices. During the week I found out that there are 200 T.B. ex-soldiers scattered throughout the suburbs, irrespective of those in hospital. Very few of these men can chop their wood or dig their garden, and there are jobs galore in connection with these lovely fellows. They have asked me again to speak at their annual



gathering—so I told them we would have a chat on Toc H. My visit to the Reformatory was warmly welcomed, and the Superintendent put us on the lines of approach. Forbes says Toc H has already put new life in the Scouts. . . . 'Johnnie' Leaver, Bob and I visited Bedford Park Sanatorium (soldiers) yesterday afternoon. Your various packets are being passed round; we are still at the stage of absorption, but Toc H is beginning to ooze from somewhere." On August 31 he writes again: "Last Friday, I spoke to the T.B. soldiers on Toc H and roped in the Limbless Association (soldiers). Carey popped in and sang. On the spot we were asked to spend an evening at Bedford Park Sanatorium on Toc H. Did anyone tell you that I have found a real 'dinkum' Poperinghe Talbot House man? He will join when he is transferred from the Far North to the suburbs here." On August 26, Bob Case describes to Tubby the Group's meeting of the previous evening: "'The Doc' (Duguid) was chairman, and in excellent fettle. He produced a candle for the Light ceremony. He had got a white china *marmite* pot, in which there was a wooden cylindrical case, and in that stood the candle. He said it was all symbolical, although he had not realised it when getting the things together. He said the outer pot was symbolical of the world, chipped and cracked; the inner case had once held a bottle of anti-toxin, which suitably represented Toc H in its fight to counteract hate; whilst in the centre was our Light! We all thought it was a very nice effort, and it seemed to me it would interest you." On September 2, he writes again to tell Tubby that he can't meet him in Melbourne—"You see, that same night we have a terrific Toc H stunt, in the form of a concert, at the Reformatory, and I am up to my eyes in arrangements. . . . Then I am also in the thick of preparations for our guest night on Monday. We meet at the Railway Refreshment Room, at 6.30, and then go across to the 'Cheer-up' Hut." Bob Case sent a list of the seven original members and of three dozen prospective members of the Group on September 11, on which Tubby writes, "*Vexilla Regis!*" (the opening of Fortunatus' great Latin hymn, "The royal banners forward go").

#### WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

The last act took place in *Perth*, whence Tubby writes to Pat on September 16: "The situation here is most encouraging for the birth of two good groups at least, one at Perth and one at Guildford. The calibre of the men involved is excellent, and you will have a very happy final week to look forward to, including, I hope, a mission week-end with the splendid school at Guildford. Headmaster Hinckley is the 'goods,' all through." He then refers to an unsolved difficulty elsewhere and ends, "With these parting words, Elijah put his shirt (or mantle) on Elisha to solve the problem, and sat on the landing stage, hoping that his boat might sail." (In spite of the shipping strike, by a stroke of luck it did.)

#### F.M.S., CEYLON, INDIA.

News, after Australia, is as yet of the briefest. On October 19 Tubby cabled to Headquarters from Penang, Federated Malay States: "Branch going strong, with four wings at Perak, Selangor, Groups Singapore, Penang. Sailing Ceylon." The first direct news from Kuala Lumpur (one of the new "wings," apparently), will be found on page 325. On October 31 Tubby cabled from Madras: "Group Colombo, possibly Kandy. Now Madras-Calcutta. Pat (and) Geoffrey (*Tetty*) tidying Ceylon. Note Lord Forster's homecoming *Cathay*." (The P. & O. liner *Cathay* left Colombo on October 29, and so the Governor General of Australia will be able to attend the Birthday Festival.) As far as India is concerned we have just what the correspondent of *The Times* in Calcutta telegraphed to his paper on November 4. He reports that Tubby arrived on the previous day. "A largely-attended guest night was arranged to welcome him, at which he spoke with enthusiasm of the progress Toc H has made in the Federated Malay States. He presented Calcutta with a rushlight, which was lit with the usual ritual, saying that one of the objects of his visit would be to see how far Calcutta

had progressed towards earning a Lamp of Maintenance. Mr. Clayton has a crowded programme during his stay here, including the preaching of an Armistice-Day sermon at the Cathedral and a speech at a dinner of ex-Service men on the same day." On November 9 Peter Monie received a cable from the Secretary of Calcutta Group: "Tubby arrived very fit. All attending Group guest night thank Headquarters for privilege of his visit here. We are listening, learning and preparing for solid work ahead—Maclaren."

## LEICESTER SHAKES HANDS WITH TORONTO

As reported in last month's JOURNAL Padre Sawbridge of Leicester sailed on October 9 for a winter in Toronto. He said good-bye to his own Branch on October 7, at a guest night to which members came from Coalville, Harborough, Nottingham, Loughborough, Sutton Bonington, Derby, Melton Mowbray, Hinckley, Wigston and Bagworth, "with the result that sardines for ever lost their place as a symbol of packing." He reminded his hearers of the tie already existing between Mark XI and Mark II in Toronto, in that both contained rooms dedicated to the memory of Edmund Street (whose sword stands beside the altar of the Cœur-de-Lion Chapel at All Hallows). In profound silence he asked for members' prayers for his new work, and then delivered a charge to them in words familiar to the Branch:—"See to it, then, that nothing keeps your light from shining out clearly in all men's sight, so that they will notice the beauty of the things that you do, and learn to think better of your Father, God, because they have met you."

His first letter to the Hon. General Secretary is as follows:—

S.S. Montclare,  
15 Oct., 1925.

MY DEAR PETER,

The trip has been simply immense—calm and sunny the whole way and tremendously invigorating. We are now in the St. Lawrence—we sighted icebergs and whales yesterday—and I land at Quebec early to-morrow morning. Being the only parson on board I took the Sunday services, and spake at great length twice about Toc H. Folk seem to be fearfully excited about the idea, and have been perpetually and pleasantly pestering me ever since, so that I've had to give up most of the literature that Toronto cabled for!

I shall probably meet again on land several Toronto folk on board; Padre Grant may rejoice to hear of others; but, best of all, there are two dozen splendid fellows off to Olds Agricultural College in Alberta . . . Eight of them, a gorgeous crowd, seem to be dead keen, and for all I know the others are, too. I will write and tell Cawley. . . .

I am experiencing a very real feeling of numberless prayers going up for Toronto and myself, which makes the unknown task in front infinitely less alarming, and I hope that my coming over may produce a little fruit.

Much love from  
SAWBONES.

The following cable was received at H.Q. on November 2 from David Boyle of the Central Executive, who has been over to the other side on business:—

"Snatched few hours visit Toronto. Splendid show, running smoothly. Tell Leicester Sawbones already beloved by all. DAVID BOYLE."

And Hugh Ketchum, who has returned to London from a three weeks' visit to his native land is full of enthusiasm about the Toronto House and Branch (as it now is). He slept in the new House, attended two guest nights and found a cheery family, every member of which seemed alive with the spirit of Toc H. The lounge and all the bedrooms of Mark II (C) are endowed. Hugh brings with him the Toronto jobmaster's list of members and jobs. The members are a fine mixture—bookkeeper, bricklayer and bank clerk; steward, solicitor, surveyor, storekeeper, salesman and stockbroker; painter, pattern-maker, printer and policeman—and their jobs include scouting and boys' club work, hospital visiting and concert party. "To cross the Atlantic," says Hugh, "and walk into Toc H Toronto seems to involve no greater change than to walk from one London Mark into another. Toronto itself feels to the Toc H visitor like a different place; one hopes to bump into a Toc H tie at every corner. Had Tubby and Pat gone no further, their tour would have been well worth while."



## ON JOINING TOC H

THE First Staff Conference at Stratford-on-Avon in September discussed the standard of admission of members to Toc H at some length, and it was announced (see October JOURNAL p. 273) that the subject would be raised in these pages. On the eve of his sailing for Canada "Sawbones" wrote a note for the editor on "General procedure in the Leicester Branch for admitting new members," which seems to be the best possible basis for discussion on this vital question. "Sawbones" remarks that these are "unwritten rules, but give the general policy" of his branch; they are printed here just as they stand.

"1. Visitors are warmly encouraged to come and to keep on coming.

"2. They are asked to wait, before asking for an application form, at least until they (1) have been to four or five guest nights; (2) have read the literature; and (3) know at least twelve members by name, *i.e.*, until they have given themselves a chance of knowing something of what Toc H is all about (its ideals, its aims and its spirit), and have begun to feel right in the family and all out for it. They are strongly encouraged to take the JOURNAL.

"3. When they feel satisfied that they have reached this stage, they can apply for an application form. The Elections Committee have entrusted all application forms to the Padre (during his absence, to a lay member of the Branch Executive), in order to ensure that every applicant shall be interviewed by him. At such interviews, the Padre stresses the meaning of the 'Four Points' and the bigness of the thing on to which the applicant is going to sign. He also seeks to satisfy himself that the applicant has 'got the goods,' has seen some vision of the possibilities of Toc H, and is *ready to serve*.

"4. The applicant is then advised to get, as his Proposer and Seconder, two members who really know him. (The mere formal proposing and seconding has been fairly completely discouraged in the Branch.)

"5. The completed form is given to the Branch Secretary who enters the name of the applicant, proposer and seconder on the Notice Board, where it stays for a month, after which he brings it up before the next Elections Committee, meetings of which are rarely held more often than monthly.

"6. Besides applying the tests implied above, the Elections Committee take into consideration as to how far the applicant has expressed himself in, made an impression upon, or contributed to the life of, the Family. If a man has reached the stage when he has become *more of a Host than a Guest*, (ready to welcome and entertain visitors—at any rate those of his own type—and able to describe Toc H to them), he is clearly ready for membership. If a man is unknown to the majority of the Elections Committee, this fact goes against him. Proposers and Seconders are liable to be asked to appear before, or to be consulted by, the Elections Committee.

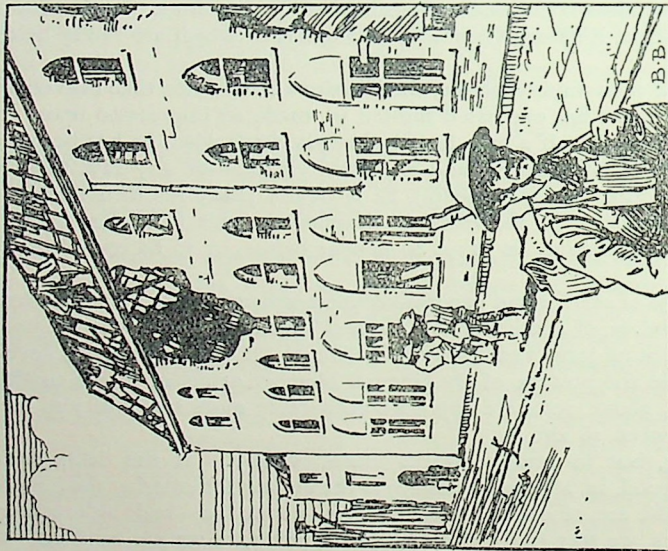
"7. In certain cases, jobs of service and general keenness will exonerate a man from regular attendance. The idea, however, of admitting as "*General*" members those who are unable to attend guest nights or corporate jobs, and therefore unable to know the family, is developing (which will tend to increase the prestige of the General Member attached to a Branch)."

Naturally, many of the above tests are applied considerably more vigorously to an older man than to a boy of between 16 and 21.

The above sounds long, but in practice works quite simply. If the delay demands humility, that is all to the good, as, after all, humility is the *one* test for entering the Kingdom.

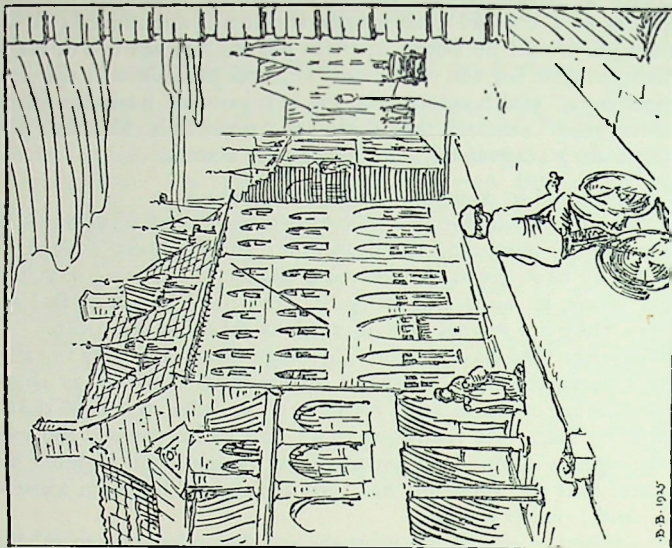
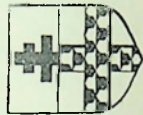
("Sawbones" adds: "We are, of course, a big Branch—about 140—and, although we are steadily admitting members, we stay fairly close to that number, as we are constantly losing members owing to their moving out of the town. We have just lost eight of our very best.").





NOVEMBER, 1917: LITTLE TALBOT HOUSE. ♦ YPRES.

"The red brick frontage on the road is quite imposing, but the back premises are not quite what they were. However, there are six rooms upstairs, and a convenient and spacious cellar." (Notice of opening, from Popetinghe, 13-11-17.)



NO. 87, RUE DE LILLE: NOVEMBER, 1925.

"It was a brief episode; three months almost covered it; Low Sunday, 1918, saw the House empty, Passchendaele evacuated. . . . Only God in Heaven knows what fruit that three months' sowing produced." (C. J. M. in the "Tales.")



## YPRES, OLD AND NEW.—II

*In connection with an article last month on the wonderful re-birth and re-building of Ypres, it was hinted that "with the new City of to-day Toc H already has a modest but real bond, which is not unlikely to grow closer as time goes on." During the month which has intervened this "intelligent anticipation" has been fulfilled in the manner reported below.*

IT seemed to the two members who walked out of Ypres station in darkness and rain on Friday evening, October 16, that this was going to be a historic week-end. One of them was a Toc H padre, who had come to take Sunday duty (under the arrangement with the Church Army mentioned in these pages last month); the other was the writer of these notes. They received a tremendous welcome at the Church Army hut, where their billets lay, from the whole family—Mrs. Naylor, the Belgian maid, the puppy, the two cats and their incomparable offspring, Darby and Joan and Nosey Parker. It may be said that the Church Army hut and the Cloth Hall are the only buildings of importance which betray the fact of a recent war in Ypres. For the rest it all looks like a sleepy ancient town which has, for some inexplicable reason, been spring-cleaned with a steam brush, and where a new cathedral, too large for requirements, still awaits a roof. As a recent war-graves visitor remarked to a cemetery gardener, "How clever of the Germans not to have shelled anything except the Cloth Hall!"

Saturday morning, spent in exploring a place where solid houses almost impertinently close every familiar war-time vista, ended with a formal visit to the new *Hotel de Ville*. Did the town-clerk remember a Lamp presented to the City a couple of years since? "*Mais oui, la Lampe de Toc Ache!*" Might we be allowed to see it? A friendly official fetched a key and unlocked the place where the silver Lamp of Maintenance is kept—and the place is not a safe or a dusty cupboard, but the "Mayor's Parlour." In the centre of the room is a large oak table and in the centre of the table stands our Lamp, the most conspicuous object to any visitor's eye. Might we be allowed to borrow it for a certain solemn purpose for an hour after lunch? "*Ah, Monsieur, il faut demander M. le Bourgmestre, lui-même.*" So a little procession, with the Lamp in its midst, crossed the wet Square and waited on Burgomaster Colaert (many readers preserve in their minds the picture of him on the Guildhall platform at the 1922 Birthday: he is now seventy-seven, but little changed). M. Colaert was courteous, but hesitated long before he gave leave of absence from the Town Hall to what he said was a treasure for which he was responsible to the citizens. In the end the Lamp was ours to use—but not to handle, for the same smiling official who had first displayed it to us, brought it to our meeting, sat near it and took it home again. "*Moi, je suis toujours le gardien de la Lampe,*" he said. And we, on our side, were proud of their pride in this thing.

And the meeting was a Toc H meeting, the first to be held in "Wipers" since the closing of Little Talbot House in the darkest days of 1918. The spade-work for it had been done by the succession of Toc H padres who have visited the place this year on various Sundays since May, and the printed summons to it (a model document of its kind) was sent out over the signatures of a dozen men, representing every interest in the British colony over there. In the *Ond Yper* Cinema on Saturday afternoon, therefore, the Lamp was lit, the words said and the silence kept—in the immediate presence, as it seemed to some of us of "a great cloud of witnesses" who are our Elder Brethren of the salient. The two who had come from home both spoke—and strange and yet natural and uplifting it was to stand before those eager faces and to see above them the arms of the city, with the Double Cross blazoned at the back of the hall. At the end, the resolution that "a group of Toc H be formed in Ypres immediately" was put and carried with no dissenting voice.

So Toc H returns to hallowed and familiar ground. And who are to be its members? Chief in numbers will be officers of the Imperial War-Graves' Commission and the cemetery gardeners, for there are several hundred of these scattered between Passchendaele and "Plugstreet Wood." Then there are masons who make head-stones and transport workers and a few English shopkeepers—and there is likely to be a new Toc H constituency among their Belgian friends, a few of whom were present at the group's first meeting. Neither must those others be forgotten—on whom life away from their native country is apt to fall hardest—the many British wives and children of Ypres. For the men there is the Cricket League in summer and football in winter, the Legion and the British Club, the Salvation Army house, the Church Army hut, and the lighted *estaminet*. This winter there is to be "a ladies' At-home-day" once a week in the Church Army, and another afternoon for children. On a Sunday morning a few make their communion in the tiny, well-worn, wooden chapel, and in the evening forty men, women and children sing the old hymns and say their prayers and listen to a padre from home—a congregation of whose whole-heartedness and proportionately large numbers any parish in England might be proud. One of the jobs of Toc H already has been to baptize English children and to start on Sunday afternoon the jolliest Sunday school you can picture—for children British-born but often speaking French or Flemish more easily than their own tongue. The jobs for a Toc H group are there to hand all the week round, and one felt it almost an impertinence to have stressed the necessity of "the Toc H spirit" to men who can tell stories of the Old Houses of Pop. and Ypres and remember them with affection.

Monday came, the day for going home. At eight in the morning one of the visitors stood at the corner of a side street in the Rue de Lille, making the rough sketch of Little Talbot House as it is to-day, which is reproduced in these pages. Down the street a deep bell was tolling from the very ancient tower of St. Peter's Church, which has risen beautiful from its ruins. A funeral procession, headed by little boys with cross and candles, wound out of the side street and disappeared slowly towards the church; two workmen, repairing the roadway with pick and rammer, scarcely paused in their work to look up as it passed. An old woman with a basket came out of the front door of the convent, where men in "tin hats" used once upon a time, to crowd in. Two children with satchels loitered, laughing, to school. A cemetery gardener, going to his day's job, nodded and smiled to the sketcher as he went by. . . . The life of Ypres is as though for centuries it had never suffered violent change. Babies are born and children learn about war from history books, men go to work and women to market, people die in their beds and are taken with ceremony to their graves. And among them are these our own folk who need and can use Toc H as much as any others in our family.

\* \* \* \*

And yet, at the end, the old forgotten Ypres of ten years' ago still claims a word. "An Epic of Flanders" (wrote Tubby in his new preface to *Tales of Talbot House*) "will not now be written; for man's mind is as the face of a sundial, recording only the serener hours. Impatient of delay, the future spurns the past behind it; and when that past is War the process of forgetfulness becomes a kind of cult, pursued with all the fever of a fashion." And yet an Epic of Flanders has just been written, if not in words, in pictures (which have ever been the quickest way to the brain and heart), and the crowds which have flocked four times a day during October to see them have been far beyond the ordinary. The "Wipers" film, now "released" for use all over the country, was shown during its first week to a special audience of men disabled in the Salient. They applauded the old heroes, and shouted the familiar songs, and sometimes laughed uproariously and sometimes held their breath in silence: some, they say, left the cinema in tears. To them it was the Epic of Flanders, told as they had not since heard the tale. Not every moment of it is perfectly true (that is perhaps



not possible in epics) and the old campaigner will be interested in picking holes in detail. But again and again he will forget the detail in the humour and the grimness and the sheer human grandeur of the story that is told. "Modern war," somebody said, "consists of months of boredom, punctuated by moments of terror." The cinema can't convey the months in which men sat in the mud, but it can and does show the moments when they were in violent action: the film war is, compared with the "real thing," too continuously a war of movement. But let all men see it—and women too. Let the man who, whole or maimed, came through, re-live those years in a couple of hours; let the younger generation catch a glimpse of what this thing was, to which the school books now give names and dates. Let the pacifist and the breezy war-monger see it, and think again: if you will, let the war-profiteer (if any such still enjoy fortunes) go and see how simpler men enabled his money to be made. It is a swift record of all arms and ranks. It tells the stories of the V.C.s—General Fitzclarence, Lieutenant Woolley on Hill 60, Captain Scrymger, the Canadian M.O., Sergeant Moyney with his Irish Guardsmen, Captain Warneford and the Zeppelin. It gives rations and Crown-and-Anchor their proper place in history—and it does not forget a certain House in Poperinghe. Toc H members will see more than the rest of the audience in that tiny glimpse of rest and recreation and fellowship in the Old House, and in the modern guest night scene, complete with *Rogers* and the lighting of the Lamp. Not all of them will realise that the lamp-lighter in this picture is the M.O. who found Tubby in those days such an impatient patient, and who wrote that smuggled Chapter X in the *Tales* on the subject of "The Innkeeper."

B. B.

## ELECTION OF TOC H COUNCILLORS

SOME branches seem to be under the impression that their councillors are to be elected annually, along with branch officers. This is not the case. Councillors are elected for the life of the Council, which holds office for two years. The present Council will go out of office *after* the meeting to be held in April 1926. Except in the tragic circumstances referred to in byelaw 9 (a) and (c), a councillor vacates office only if he gives notice *in writing* to the *General Secretary of Toc H*. When such a notice is received, the General Secretary passes on the news to the Branch or Branches concerned, and no Branch should elect a councillor until it has received a notice from H.Q. that there is actually a vacancy.

The list of councillors to hold office until after the April meeting is as shown in the printed list in the April JOURNAL with the following changes, and the following changes only:—

KENNINGTON, Beresford Ingram is now their councillor; BERMONDSEY, Alec Paterson has become a Vice-President, the seat allotted to Bermondsey is vacant; BROMLEY AND SIDCUP, W. E. Benbow represents them; COLCHESTER, C. W. Cuthill now represents Colchester and Ipswich; DERBY, F. G. Creed is now their councillor; LEICESTER, "A. S. Waters" is a misprint for A. R. Wates; NOTTINGHAM, S. B. Davidson now represents Nottingham and Mansfield; SPEN VALLEY, Dr. G. E. P. Davis is now their councillor; WORTHING, G. S. Kerswell has resigned.

As the present Council is now in the last six months of its period of office, the vacancies are under byelaw 6, to be filled by the Central Executive Committee. The vacancies in Bermondsey and Worthing will be filled at the Central Executive's meeting on December 7, and any suggestions made by those branches not later than November 30 will be in time to be considered. If any other vacancies occur, the branches concerned will be given an opportunity of making suggestions to the Central Executive as to how they should be filled.

Later on, full details will be circulated about elections to the *new* council to hold office from the end of April 1926 till after the meeting in April 1928.

P. W. M.

## “LIFE AND WORK”: STOCKHOLM, 1925

A NOTE appeared in the April JOURNAL to the effect that the Central Executive of ToC H had received and accepted an invitation to send a delegate to the “Universal Christian Conference on Life and Work,” at Stockholm, in August. What follows is not a report (that is about to be published by the Conference in various forms), but a few personal impressions of the ToC H delegate. “The Editor” (as usual) “accepts no responsibility for opinions expressed”!

THE Stockholm Conference was a many-sided historical event which, on the whole, did not receive its due in the English Press. The holding of it was no sudden idea, for its history may be said to have begun with an appeal for peace and Christian fellowship issued in November, 1914, by churchmen in neutral countries to a world at war. A similar appeal was made again in 1916, in 1917 and twice in 1918; in 1919 a Conference was projected and in 1920 ninety churchmen from fifteen countries met in Geneva to prepare the way. In 1921 the British section was assembled in England and got into touch with those who were preparing for the “Copec” Conference, which eventually took place in Birmingham last year (see JOURNAL, May, 1924, p. 119). It may indeed be said that Stockholm, 1925, was an enlarged edition of Birmingham, 1924; the main subjects of the Stockholm programme were those which had been discussed at Birmingham, and shortened versions of the well-known reports of the “Copec” commissions were probably the best contribution to the preparatory literature of “Life and Work.” The Conference finally assembled in Sweden for ten days—from August 19 to August 30, 1925.

### WHAT THE CONFERENCE WAS—AND WAS NOT.

“Life and Work” was, beyond question, a very remarkable gathering, covering a field far wider than any hitherto in the history of Christendom. Its 700 delegates came from Great Britain and the British Empire, Austria, Belgium, China, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Estonia, Finland, France, Germany, Holland, Hungary, Iceland, India, Italy, Japan, Jugoslavia, Latvia, Lithuania, Norway, Poland, Roumania, South America, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, and the United States. Alongside those members who represented the Reformed Churches there was, for the first time in such company, a strong and exceedingly picturesque delegation from the Eastern Orthodox Church—the Pope of Alexandria (a white-bearded octogenarian who died on his way home from this strenuous pilgrimage), a bishop representing the Patriarch of Constantinople, and the Archbishop of Nubia, and bishops of the Orthodox Churches of Bulgaria, Greece, Jugoslavia, Roumania, and Syria. It is fair to say that the fact that the heads of the Orthodox churches were willing to meet Protestants was less remarkable than the feat of making them meet each other—for something like the spirit of the Greco-Bulgarian “frontier incident” of a few weeks ago is reflected in the “national” churches of the Orthodox communion.

The “Universal Christian Conference” of 1925 was a great gathering of Christians; the one thing that it was *not* was “universal,” for there was a conspicuous absentee, and to many of us the gap thus created seemed day by day a real tragedy. The Church of Rome (as we had the unhappy right to foresee) refused the Committee’s invitation to send representatives. The Stockholm Conference from the first ruled out all questions of doctrine and church order and concerned itself solely with practical problems of Christian life and work, the challenge, social and international, which the everyday world presents to all Christian men and women; and since the contribution of the largest body of Christendom to this great field of discussion was withheld, the title of *Universal Christian Conference* was a misnomer. 1925 is the 1,600th anniversary of the first Council of Nicæa, and the comparison between that earliest



and this latest gathering of Christians from all the world, tempted a number of the earlier speakers—but the parallel is not a fair one. Those who journeyed to Nicæa from all parts of the limited Christian world in the fourth century had the right to legislate for the Universal Church; those who came from every corner of the globe to Stockholm could discuss much but decide nothing, for they represented only fragments of the broken Body of Christ. The "Universal Christian Conference" has yet to be.

#### "GETTING TOGETHER."

But to say so much is not at all to write Stockholm down as a mistaken enterprise or as a failure. If the re-union of Christendom is a "far-off, divine event," "creation moves" towards it by very slow and painful degrees. At Stockholm the process of healing some of the breaches in the Christian family seemed to be going on hour by hour under our eyes. We were a body of men and women—tiny indeed in comparison with the world's Christian population—divided, sometimes with intense sharpness, by barriers of nationality, thought and practice, and yet we were enabled to feel ourselves as one body under the hand of God. One potent source of division between us was as old as Babel. The official languages of the Conference were English (including American), French and German, and any speaker might use one or more of these. It was very trying to the delegate who understood no language but his own to miss the points in the speeches, and scarcely less trying to those of us who could understand three languages to have to hear every speech interpreted in the other two. The British and American delegations were seriously adjured at the final session to learn some speech easier than their own before next time! The ideal of the Conference cannot better be expressed than in words familiar to every member of Toc H—it was to "listen humbly and hospitably to Everyman's story, to hear him and ask him questions, and to help the truth to prevail." In order to clear the way for "getting together" we had to discover the depth of our differences—and some of the differences proved to be deep indeed. As anyone could foresee, it was difficult to build a bridge between the Orthodox and Western Churches, for our Eastern brethren not only use other methods of thought and expression, but have been caught in the tide of red revolution—suspicion, political intrigue, terror and persecution unto death—of which we have experienced nothing. A serious and unexpected difference, as it seemed to some of us, which became more clearly apparent as the days went by, was that between the Anglo-Saxons and—roughly speaking—the rest of the world. The American (the largest deputation) and the British (the second largest) appeared continually in the rôle of Optimist. At their best they seemed full of dreams which were coming true, enthusiasts not without good reason, seeing the Kingdom of God afar off and actively helping it to draw near: in less happy moments they appeared in the light of rather superficial thinkers, rhetorical speakers and doers of "stunts," rather than of the word.

In contrast stood the delegations of other nations, of which the Germans provided the largest. It would, of course, be a monstrous mis-statement to say that our fellow-Christians on the Continent of Europe have not a lively interest in international questions or that they take no hand in active social reform. The impressive report circulated to delegates by the Home Mission (*Innere Mission*) of the German Evangelical Church, dealing with effort in every field of social work, and the devoted lives of men like Pastor von Bodelschwingh, who addressed us, is sufficient proof to the contrary. But, on the whole, the angle from which other European Christians approach these questions differs from ours. They seem often to give us a lead in their insistence on personal righteousness as the starting-point of all work, and to fall short of full conviction that we are all called to be, and can be, "fellow-workers with God" in the world's history. They come forward as pessimists, "realists," facing the facts of post-war life, seeing the Church as a little flock closely beset by a hostile world, and abiding

patiently God's good time and Christ's coming again. One name was constantly mentioned as the apostle of this point of view—that of Martin Luther. The easiest way to make this difference clear is to quote from one of the Conference speeches :

The central aim of all our work is the Kingdom of God. But we cannot identify any state of temporal welfare with the Kingdom of God, nor can we believe that anything within our power may hasten the coming of His Kingdom. Luther taught us 400 years ago to separate the idea of God's Kingdom from all earthly endeavours in the field of temporal welfare. . . . As regards the influence of the Church, I may be allowed to remind you that Christians will always form a minority in the life of nations, and that questions of peace and war follow their own laws, which we cannot change. . . . We do not know if it will please God to bless us with an age of peace or if His hand will be stretched out again in judgment over the nations. . . . In no way are we allowed to interfere with God's purpose, and His Kingdom does not depend on a state of things which we are able to bring about. Enough if we try to do His will. . . . For truth's sake you will value a plain word.—(*General Superintendent Klingemann, of Coblenz, on "The Church's Work for Peace," August 25.*)

This speech, like others of the same kind, was received in grave silence by the Anglo-Saxons and with applause from other parts of the audience. It was the custom of the Conference delegates to be silent when they disagreed and to be subdued in their expressions of approval. British enthusiasm over the League of Nations, for instance, always left the Americans silent, and perhaps the nearest approach to a "breeze" was when an American bishop and a Scottish law-lord faced each other on the subject of Prohibition. When you picture the packed hall of the Musical Academy, where meetings were held—Orthodox delegates in front, Americans behind, and British behind them, with the French and others facing the Germans across the room—the restraint of the Conference during the most controversial discussions is a remarkable thing to remember ; it was a true expression of the Christian spirit in which we met. *Politiken*, the Swedish Labour paper, published an interview between its reporter and a friendless young man whom he met on the arrival platform of Stockholm station. The young man wore a plain lounge suit and no ecclesiastical badge, had booked no room among the bishops at the Grand Hotel, had no ticket as an official delegate, and no invitation to the royal and civic receptions, but he humbly hoped against hope to be allowed to attend some of the sessions : his name was Jesus Christ. This was honest criticism, not irreverently expressed, but there were very few moments at the Conference which gave it the colour of justification.

Space does not permit of any attempt to picture the varied scenes of those ten days—many of them impressive or immensely picturesque, some of them delightfully humorous. There was the opening service in the Storkyrkan ("Great Church") of Stockholm, with its two processions—that of the royal family, attended by officials and diplomats in gorgeous uniforms, and the ecclesiastical procession, including the Bishop of Winchester in cope and mitre, the Swedish clergy in pleated cloth top-hats, the English Nonconformists in robes and bands, the Lutherans in evening dress, the Eastern churchman straight out of the "Arabian Nights"—surely the strangest church procession in history. There was the opening ceremony in the Palace by the King of Sweden, when the same procession of clergy, followed by all the other delegates in the most motley attire, trailed through the streets between great crowds of sightseers, and wound up the grand staircase of the Palace, lined (with a lovely incongruity) by the picked troops of Sweden with fixed bayonet and drawn sabre. There was the outing to Drottningholm ("the Queen's Island") by steamer, and the civic banquet at the Town Hall. (If anyone tells you that modern architects and builders have lost the grand manner of the Middle Ages, send him to see "Radhuset," at Stockholm, finished in 1923, at a cost of over £1,000,000, with its great brick tower, its huge brick and granite court, and that room of glittering gold mosaic, where a thousand of us dined together in the light of more than a thousand candles.) There were the church services—notably the Russian memorial to Patriarch Tikhon, with its haunting chants, the service of Bach's music, at which the Bishop of Bombay preached a beautiful sermon, and the final great service of thanksgiving in Upsala



Cathedral—an hour's journey from Stockholm. And every day there were the sessions of the conference, beginning with prayers at 9.30 a.m. and ending (after a two hours' break at mid-day and an interval for supper, both apt to be busy times) at 11 at night. This was a programme too strenuous for mortals of ordinary human weakness. The one man who clearly revelled in it all and would have liked more, was the convener and actual mainspring of the Conference (from its earliest beginnings) Nathan Soderblom, doctor of music, painter, actor, ex-university professor—and Archbishop of Upsala. This stout man with a mop of sandy hair and a little moustache, constantly smiling, speaking with ease English, French and German, as well as Swedish (he preached alternate paragraphs in all four in his final sermon), always in vehement action as it seemed, is one of the outstanding figures in Christendom to-day. At his back, as the hosts of the Conference, were his fellow-countrymen: there can be no more hospitable people in the wide world.

To speak of the rather melancholy loveliness of the Swedish land of waters, rocks and pines, or of the surprising beauty and orderliness of the capital city of Stockholm, would go beyond our book. This is not a guide or a report. It is the barest impression of a bold experiment, which will assuredly be found to have played its part in the spreading of what we call "the Toc H spirit" of fellowship and service through the world. At Stockholm we all made new contracts, renewed old friendships, caught a new light on the deep-down unity which is to overmaster our tragic divisions. We made a step forward in the task of getting to know one another which is "half the battle."

B. B.

## THE BIRTHDAY FESTIVAL 1925

IT would be possible to produce, in answer to enquiries received by the Birthday Secretary, an *Uncle Toc's Corner* (in the venerable style of "Aunt Margarine" of *Home Snippets*), e.g. :—

X.Y.Z.—Yes, I quite agree that 1s. for admission is outrageously high, but 2s. would have been higher. Read July JOURNAL, p. 202.

ANXIOUS.—Sorry, your *fiancée* can't come as a member of Toc H. Why not buy her an amphitheatre stall as a Christmas present? Read October JOURNAL.

Z.Y.X.—Yes, I quite agree that 1s. for admission is outrageously low, but you can give the other 9s. to Toc H as a donation. Read July JOURNAL, p. 202.

UP THE POLE.—Yes, we have no b(an)anners ready made at H.Q. Re poles see October JOURNAL, p. 276.

INDIGNANT.—Then why not bring *all* your aunts? I suggest two second-tier boxes. Read May, June, July and October JOURNALS. I am a little pained by the tone of your letter.

And so on. But such enquiries are being promptly and patiently answered by post and telephone. The outline of the programme has been dealt with in the May, June, July and October numbers of the JOURNAL. Let us repeat it once again, with special points to notice :—

### SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19.

2.30—5 p.m.—*Birthday Conference* at the Royal College of Music, Prince Albert Road, S.W. 7 (near the Albert Hall). Only for delegates appointed by Branches (3 delegates each) and Groups (2 delegates each). Supper will be provided, at moderate cost, only for those members attending this Conference. Other members must make their own arrangements for an evening meal.

6.30 p.m.—Doors of the *Royal Albert Hall* open only to members of Toc H and L.W.H.

7.15 p.m.—Doors open to the general public.

7.45 p.m.—Entry of H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, who will open with a speech.

8 p.m.—Performance of a masque, "In the light of the Lamp." (This is expected to end by 10.45.)

*Seating arrangements*: Note the following points carefully :—

1. Admission for members is on production of a *valid* membership card (i.e. paid up for the

year 1925) and 15. Members who arrive with invalid membership cards, or having lost or mislaid their cards, *cannot* be admitted, save on the same terms as the general public, i.e. by waiting until 7.15 and buying whatever ticket is then available at the prices announced.

2. "Probationers" will be admitted at the same time and price as members, provided that they hold a special pass (not transferable), which will be issued to them, through their secretaries, by the Birthday Committee. ("Probationers," for this purpose, means only those *who have filled up forms of application for membership* of Toc H or L.W.H. prior to the proper date for the sending in of returns, i.e., November 1.)

3. Certain large blocks of seats are reserved entirely for members (with the exception of a limited number of privately-owned seats which their owners have notified us they wish to use themselves). Each member will receive at the box office a seat in a specified block, but *not numbered*. The first 600 or so, who pass the box office, will get arena seats, the next lot amphitheatre stalls, and the next balcony seats.

4. Bearers of Lamps, Rushlights and Banners will (if their secretaries have sent in 15. each for them to the Birthday Secretary, as requested), receive their ticket beforehand, as they will sit together in a special block until they have to form up in procession.

5. Members who wish to sit together with other particular members should arrange to enter at the same time.

Members who wish to sit with non-members of Toc H or L.W.H. can do so only by booking reserved seats in the non-members' blocks beforehand at the prices charged to the general public. Such tickets will entitle them (but not their non-member friends) to enter at 6.30, provided they produce their membership card at the same time; their friends can, of course, join them at 7.15.

6. The prices of seats to the "general public" (friends of members and others) are as follows:—Amphitheatre stalls 7s. 6d. each, balcony 3s. 6d. *All boxes and seats in boxes have now been booked.*

7. Seats for the general public should be booked with the least possible delay—to avoid disappointment. Up to November 15 apply to the Birthday Secretary, 123, St. George's Square, S.W.1; after November 15 to the box office, Royal Albert Hall, Kensington Gore, S.W.7.

8. Members will be asked to be seated in their proper places by 7.15 p.m. From 6.30 up to that time the family party will be free-and-easy.

#### SUNDAY, DECEMBER 20.

*Communion Services.*—Notice is given as follows by the Rev. W. Muirhead Hope (acting-vicar of All Hallows) to members of the Church of England, and by Padre Alex Birkmire to Free Churchmen:—

Celebrations of Holy Communion for C. of E. members will be held at 8 a.m. and at 9 a.m. at All Hallows, Barking-by-the-Tower (opposite Mark Lane Station, Metropolitan Railway).

A Communion service for Free Church members will be held at 9.30 a.m. in the Poperinghe Chapel at Mark 1, 23, Queen's Gate Gardens (nearest station, Gloucester Road, Piccadilly and District Railways, 5 minutes' walk).

*Lunch*, for all those who have notified the Birthday Secretary, will be provided at moderate cost *at noon*, at a place to be announced later.

*The Birthday Thanksgiving* will be held at Southwark Cathedral (south end of London Bridge) at 3 p.m. If weather permits, members of Toc H and L.W.H. will assemble on Tower Hill, outside All Hallows, at 2 p.m. and walk in procession, with Banners of Branches and Groups, to the Cathedral. It will not be possible to accommodate members' friends in the Cathedral.

BIRTHDAY SECRETARY.



## MULTUM IN PARVO

☛ The old Branches of Toc H will offer their heartiest welcome to the following NEW BRANCHES, promoted by the Central Executive, on the recommendation of the Guard of the Lamp, on November 2 :—BEXHILL, CUDHAM, DEWSBURY, GOOLE, HAROLD WOOD, HASTINGS, LOUGHBOROUGH, LUTON, MAESTEG, RADLETT, SALISBURY, SOUTH BANK, WOOLSTON, YORK ; in the London Federation, CHELSEA, EALING, HAMMERSMITH, ISLINGTON, KINGSTON-AND-SURBITON, NORWOOD, STREATHAM, WEST HAM ; and overseas, TORONTO (Canada), and KEISKAMA HOEK (S. Africa). At least one other Group is still under consideration. In addition to the Lamps for all those named above, H.R.H. the Patron will be asked to light a Lamp of Maintenance to be entrusted to the Sydney Council for bestowal on an Australian Branch, when formed, another on similar terms for the New York Committee, and another for New Zealand.

☛ On All Hallowe'en, the last day of October and of the British Empire Exhibition, the silver LAMP OF MAINTENANCE, which was lit by H.M. the Queen and since remained alight before the Empire Roll of Honour at Wembley (see June JOURNAL, p. 166), was formally removed. A few members of Toc H gathered to carry out the ceremony of "Light," in the presence of representatives of the three Services and members of the general public. Captain A. H. Walker, R.N., on behalf of H.M. The Queen, then extinguished the Lamp, which has for the present been lent to the Imperial War Museum for a special exhibition of war memorials. It is hoped before long to announce its permanent destination.

☛ With further reference to the movements of Toc H padres reported in last month's JOURNAL (p. 269) Padre HUTCHINSON was inducted to St. John's, Waterloo Road, on October 22, when a number of Toc H members were in the congregation ; Padre ROYLE's living is now announced—it is the new parish of Our Lady of Perpetual Succour with St. Thomas of Canterbury, Gorton, Manchester. First news of Padre SAWBRIDGE's visit to Canada will be found on page 312.

☛ SECRETARIES' LIST, *October Alterations and Additions* :—(a) *New Branches* : Twenty-four Groups are now transferred to the list of Branches (see above) ; (b) *New Groups* : COTTINGHAM (Hull), W. Singleton, Northolme ; SASKATOON (Canada), H. Rose, 729 Temperance Street ; YPRES (Belgium), R. J. Edson, Esplanade, Ypres. (Various new Groups overseas, of which the names only are known at present, will be registered as soon as the required information comes to hand.) (c) *Change of Name* : BRIGHTON BRANCH will in future be known as BRIGHTON AND HOVE BRANCH. (d) *Change of Secretary* : DEWSBURY, R. Sheldrake, 29 Woodside, Leeds Road ; DONCASTER, J. W. Tullock, 82 The Grove, Wheatley Hills ; LEWISHAM, H. Webdell, 19 Raymond Road, Elmers End, Beckenham ; SPETISBURY, G. W. Bennett, The Hill, Charlton Marshall, Dorset ; STEPNEY, S. H. Bates, 21 Essian Street, E. 1 ; WAKEFIELD, G. Waterhouse, Normandale, Bradford Road ; WILLESDEN, H. B. Adshead, c.o. 33 Station Road, Harlesden, N.W. 10 ; WIMBLEDON, R. L. Branthwaite, 178 Queen's Road, S.W. 19. (e) *Correction* : HAMMERSMITH Secretary's address is 30 Avenue Gardens (not 20).

☛ L.W.H. :—(a) *New Branch* : LONDON E.C. AND S.E. Group is promoted. (b) *New Groups* : DURHAM, Mrs. Cooper, 11 Leazes Place ; READING, Miss Barkham, Windyridge, 96 Brighton Road ; MELBOURNE, Mrs. Hayes, c.o. Toc H, Capitol House ; SYDNEY, Miss Nancy Norris, 2 Crow's Nest, Bag Road, North Sydney. (c) *Groups disbanded* : Delete CROYDON and NORWOOD. (d) *Change of Secretary* : BIRMINGHAM, Appointment vacant ; BLACKBURN, Miss E. Walker, 71 Oozehcad Lane ; BRIGHTON, Miss Hewes, 8 Eastern Terrace ; MANCHESTER, Miss D. I. Myles, Langdale Hall, Victoria Park ; MANSFIELD, Mrs. Shelton, 4 Booth Crescent.

## NEWS FROM BRANCHES AND GROUPS

**ALTRINCHAM.**—We have recently had a wonderful birthday present. We were fortunate enough to find in the spring not only a very fine room over a disused stable, but also a large loft above the room. All the summer we have been working hard cleaning and decorating our abode, and on September 26, our second birthday, the "upper room" was dedicated by the Rev. E. S. Oliver, of St. George's, Altrincham, assisted by Padre Williams of Sheffield. In a short talk after the service, Padre Williams helped us realise the full value of our new source of inspiration. The evening finished with a great sing-song; as our visitors from Mark IV, Mark XIV, Norwich and Stockport left they gave us a message of hope and encouragement for the future.

ROGERUM.

**BRADFORD.**—After a successful summer, our arrangements for a full winter programme are now almost complete. We hope to hold fortnightly meetings, either guest nights or debates. Our guest on October 15 was the Lord Mayor of Bradford (a frequent visitor at the Old House in Pop.), who gave us an interesting talk on his office. On October 28, we held the first of a series of dances to raise funds; the second will be in January at Queen's Hall, Bradford. We are to visit St. Wilfrid's Church on November 8 for our Armistice service, and have arranged to lay a wreath on the Cenotaph on November 11. It looks as though we are to have another flag-day; our last effort in this line was in July, when we raised £182 for the Hull Sailors' Orphans Homes. The work at the Sedbergh Mission Boys' Club is going strong again, and we hope for great things there. Our jobmaster has jobs of all sorts coming his way, and everything promises a very busy time.

A. E. S.

**BRIGHTON AND HOVE.**—The winter nights see our branch meetings well attended by a crowd of young enthusiasts, but we are combating any tendency to regard the spirit of mere sociability as being the same thing as the real job of Toc H. The Toc H Boys' Hostel in John Street is giving us something to think about, as well as a sphere of service. For we find that with many other efforts on foot in the town for raising funds, it is not an easy task to secure the money we need to run this useful institution. However, we feel the difficulty presented at John Street may prove a way whereby our members may be won from a superficial interest in Toc H to a deeper attachment to its highest ideals.

A. TYRER.

**BRISTOL.**—Guest nights are now in full swing, and judging by the attendance of "Guests," we are hopeful of enlisting some good recruits. We had a rattling good address from the Bishop which a crowded house really enjoyed: it was literally "standing room only." Jim Hawkins' brother gave us a learned discourse on Mahomet and his people on another evening. We ventured on a debate one night, "Which are of most service to the Community, Professional men or those engaged in Trade?" The result was a draw, a most fortunate one. We hope to get a dramatic society going shortly. We wish it well and may the results be good. Grantibus visited us recently and cheered us on our way. On December 10 we hold our Birthday Party. A service in the Lord Mayor's Chapel (address by Padre Hubbard of Cheltenham College) is to be followed by a muffin scramble and a cheery evening. *Meetings:* Mark IX is at home every Thursday evening, supper at 7.30. November 12, Annual Branch Meeting; November 19, Colonel Wyatt; November 26, Members' Night; December 3, Rev. R. Jeffcoat.

DINGLE.

**BROMLEY.**—*Meetings* at Mason's Hill Schools (below Bromley South station) at 8 p.m. November 10, "Toc H, *quo vadis?*" by W. S. Turner and others; November 19, the Superintendent of the Farningham Homes for Boys; November 26, Padre O. G. Whitfield;



December 1, Sergeant Sullivan, K.C. ; December 8, Colonel Warre ; December 17, Branch Christmas Party.

CANADA : *Pincher Creek (Alberta)*.—At a meeting held here on August 16, it was decided to make a beginning on the formation of a Toc H Group. The Rev. George Biddle, Anglican minister at Pincher Creek, has been talking and living Toc H for so long, that many men, particularly returned soldiers, were ready for it. So when Padre Cawley of Winnipeg had addressed the meeting, and explained the purpose and hopes of Toc H, we were not long in coming to a decision about a group. Ten applications for membership were signed, and the meeting appointed Lt.-Col. J. H. Jackson, jobmaster, Rev. George Biddle, padre, and J. R. K. Main, secretary-treasurer. J. R. K. M.

COVENTRY.—We are making active preparations for invading London at the Birthday Festival, and shall number at least forty. Our boys' club has grown to such dimensions that we have had to open on an extra night, and the Branch is increasing in such numbers that we had to find fresh headquarters to save being mistaken for sardines. As it happened a larger room in the same building was available—so our address remains the same. In recognition of our services at the local flag day the Branch has been invited to send a representative to the N.S.P.C.C. Banquet at the Guild Hall, at which the Patron is to preside. We have supplied a cubmaster to the All Saints troop or flock, or herd (what *do* they call them ?) of Cubs. On the financial side, having sent off our contribution to the Gen.'s Fund, we are buckling to in order to send a respectable cheque to Headquarters. Socially, we have had several interesting talks. Mr. A. F. Porter, of the "Midland Daily Telegraph" editorial staff, gave us an enthralling talk on his Air Force experiences, whilst Macey took us back ages in his "Creation Story." At debates we wax hot. *Gueff nights* at 24 Bishop Street. November 20, Mr. S. Larkin on "The Rotary Movement" ; November 27, Debate ; December 4, Business ; December 11, The Padre. November 19 and December 10, Dance at the Corn Exchange, 8-12. DOLLY.

DEWSBURY.—*Meetings* every Thursday at the Boys' Welfare Club, Wakefield Road. 1st Thursdays (from November 5), Business ; 2nd and 4th Thursdays, Study circle on C.O.P.E.C. Reports ; 3rd Thursdays, Speakers : November 19, Mr. R. Parkinson (Police Court Missionary).

FEDERATED MALAY STATES : *Kuala Lumpur*.—Greetings and salutations from the East ! Our friend, counsellor and guide, R. J. B. Clayton (brother of Tubby) decided that it was time that a Group sprang up in the Capital of the Federated Malay States, and to this end in view, Padre Whitehorn, and "Fat" Lawes were commissioned to start the ball rolling. A meeting was held on June 9, 1925, at St. Andrews Manse, when eleven likely spirits foregathered to discuss ways and means. As a result the Kuala Lumpur Group started, Padre Whitehorn being elected Chairman and Jobmaster and "Fat" secretary. Meetings are held at various members' bungalows every fortnight, proceedings commence with prayer, remembering the Elder Brethren ; business is discussed after which we hope to listen to words of wisdom from a distinguished visitor or from one of ourselves. There is admirable scope for work in the locality. An excellent Y.M.C.A. Branch, the work of which is mainly amongst Asiatics (Indians, Chinese, and others), is experiencing some heavy seas. In the past a paid secretary ran the show, but the advent of a rubber slump, and a general trade depression, curtailed the Association's revenue to such an extent, that an admirable building, with excellent playing fields, has a very good chance of going "phut" for want of some keen and energetic assistance, whilst the religious side of the organisation is in a sad state. An offer of assistance from the Group was readily accepted by the Board of Directors. We have made a start in this particular



job. Umpires have been provided for tennis tournaments; the magic lantern is undergoing repairs thanks to the assistance of one of our members. In addition an excellent swimming tank is receiving attention. All this will be a means of getting to know the members, and being of service to them. Hospitals find a soft spot in the heart of the Group; we supply them with papers, and if any patient desires it we arrange to take them out for a motor drive during convalescence. A leper camp asks for old motor tyres from which to make slippers, and we attempt to keep them supplied. We are just getting going, and think we have made a good start: and we look forward to the visit of Tubby at the beginning of October to help us forward a lot. Of course all readers of the JOURNAL will know what kind of place this paragraph comes from, but strangely enough many people at Home appear to be hopelessly ignorant of our local conditions, so much so that a lady recently out from Home arrived here complete with fur coats, and the thickest of thick clothes, and gaily informed us that she had brought them to wear in our winter season. The new arrival was greatly perturbed when she was informed that we never experience a winter, that the temperature never drops below about 70 deg., and that all the good her valuable furs would be, would be to make an excellent feed for the white ants and other tropical insects. Incorrect information of this kind is likely to prove an expensive pastime, so the Group has decided that we might be able to do a job of work at Home, in advising people what their requirements will be in the way of kit, &c., for coming out East. We specialise in the Federated Malay States and Strait Settlements, about which we will supply first-hand information upon all local conditions; but in addition we undertake to answer to the best of our ability questions relating to this subject in connection with the East as a whole. And so if any Branch or Group has a member coming out here we shall be delighted to assist in any way possible, and to extend on his arrival the hand of fellowship. Gordon Lawes (Fat), Assistant Commissioner of Police, Police Depot, Kuala Lumpur, Federated Malay States, is the Group Secretary, to whom all communications may be addressed.

G. W. L.

**HAROLD WOOD.**—Pride of place must be given this month to our League of Women Helpers who made a net profit of £45 at the bazaar held on September 26. This was divided between the Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, and our Group, and incidentally put the Scouts financially on their feet. We began on October 5 to put all our members through the ceremony of Initiation—using a stable lantern for the purpose; forty-five were passed through that night and we hope to initiate the rest later. On October 19 we had a visit from Mr. Archer who talked on the "League of Nations" (Alex Birkmire in the chair). We are to join in a combined service with Church and Chapel on Remembrance Sunday. On November 11 we hold our first anniversary meeting to seek members' advice on the next twelve months' work and criticism on the past twelve. We join forces with the P.S.A. this winter and are to find the speaker on the first Sunday in every month. Who will oblige for January, February, March, or April?

H. F. M.

**IPSWICH.**—The fact that this is the first appearance of Ipswich in this place is largely due to a violent vow uttered by the Padre to the effect that we would remain "wropt" in silence so long as we were a Group. Now that we have left the cradle we sit up and take notice, though we aren't two years old yet. We have the usual sort of jobs going forward. Some 80 per cent. of the "blokeage" is at work and the remainder is being fitted in. George Moore, Alex Birkmire, Gandy of Leicester, among other celebrities of varying notoriety, have been to see us, and certain of us have stayed at various Marks. We've produced some lusty people to volunteer for blood-transfusion. Branch meetings are still rather respectable, but we've so far dodged "forced heartiness." This by way of introduction. We will blow a small trumpet in a later moon.

IPSWICH.

**LONDON FEDERATION:** (a) *Mark I.*—*Guest nights* on Wednesdays at 8 p.m. (Supper at 7 p.m.). November 4, Business; November 11, Colonel Ronnie Campbell on "The Federation of London Working Boys' Clubs"; November 18, Joint Debate with Richmond Group; November 25, O. S. Nock on "West Country Towns"; December 2, Business; December 9, Commander G. M. Skinner, R.N., Scout Commissioner for Kensington.

(b) *Mark II.*—*Guest nights* on Thursdays at 8 p.m. (Supper at 7 p.m.). November 5, Padre Harry Ellison on "Cape to Cairo from a Railway Mission coach" (with lantern); November 19, C. B. Loxton on "The J.O.C."; November 26, Beresford Ingram on "London's Education"; December 10, Visit of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson; December 17, the Bishop of Johannesburg on "The Colour Question."

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job. Umpires have been provided for tennis tournaments; the magic lantern is undergoing repairs thanks to the assistance of one of our members. In addition an excellent swimming tank is receiving attention. All this will be a means of getting to know the members, and being of service to them. Hospitals find a soft spot in the heart of the Group; we supply them with papers, and if any patient desires it we arrange to take them out for a motor drive during convalescence. A leper camp asks for old motor tyres from which to make slippers, and we attempt to keep them supplied. We are just getting going, and think we have made a good start: and we look forward to the visit of Tubby at the beginning of October to help us forward a lot. Of course all readers of the JOURNAL will know what kind of place this paragraph comes from, but strangely enough many people at Home appear to be hopelessly ignorant of our local conditions, so much so that a lady recently out from Home arrived here complete with fur coats, and the thickest of thick clothes, and gaily informed us that she had brought them to wear in our winter season. The new arrival was greatly perturbed when she was informed that we never experience a winter, that the temperature never drops below about 70 deg., and that all the good her valuable furs would be, would be to make an excellent feed for the white ants and other tropical insects. Incorrect information of this kind is likely to prove an expensive pastime, so the Group has decided that we might be able to do a job of work at Home, in advising people what their requirements will be in the way of kit, &c., for coming out East. We specialise in the Federated Malay States and Strait Settlements, about which we will supply first-hand information upon all local conditions; but in addition we undertake to answer to the best of our ability questions relating to this subject in connection with the East as a whole. And so if any Branch or Group has a member coming out here we shall be delighted to assist in any way possible, and to extend on his arrival the hand of fellowship. Gordon Lawes (Fat), Assistant Commissioner of Police, Police Depot, Kuala Lumpur, Federated Malay States, is the Group Secretary, to whom all communications may be addressed.

G. W. L.

**HAROLD WOOD.**—Pride of place must be given this month to our League of Women Helpers who made a net profit of £45 at the bazaar held on September 26. This was divided between the Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, and our Group, and incidentally put the Scouts financially on their feet. We began on October 5 to put all our members through the ceremony of Initiation—using a stable lantern for the purpose; forty-five were passed through that night and we hope to initiate the rest later. On October 19 we had a visit from Mr. Archer who talked on the "League of Nations" (Alex Birkmire in the chair). We are to join in a combined service with Church and Chapel on Remembrance Sunday. On November 11 we hold our first anniversary meeting to seek members' advice on the next twelve months' work and criticism on the past twelve. We join forces with the P.S.A. this winter and are to find the speaker on the first Sunday in every month. Who will oblige for January, February, March, or April?

H. F. M.

**IPSWICH.**—The fact that this is the first appearance of Ipswich in this place is largely due to a violent vow uttered by the Padre to the effect that we would remain "wropt" in silence so long as we were a Group. Now that we have left the cradle we sit up and take notice, though we aren't two years old yet. We have the usual sort of jobs going forward. Some 80 per cent. of the "blokage" is at work and the remainder is being fitted in. George Moore, Alex Birkmire, Gandy of Leicester, among other celebrities of varying notoriety, have been to see us, and certain of us have stayed at various Marks. We've produced some lusty people to volunteer for blood-transfusion. Branch meetings are still rather respectable, but we've so far dodged "forced heartiness." This by way of introduction. We will blow a small trumpet in a later moon.

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at 100, Canonbury Road, N. 1. November 17, Mr. H. B. Philpott, "A talk on Talk"; November 24, Dr. Draper (Headmaster of Tollington School) on "School"; December 4, Padre Brochner; December 11, Jobmaster of Brothers' House on "London's Goldmines"; December 18, Branch Birthday Supper.

(k) *Lewisham*.—Our winter programme includes two concerts, one to the Home of St. Giles and another on behalf of the Croydon War Graves' Pilgrimage, a dance in aid of Branch funds on November 26 at the Unitarian Hall, a social to Scoutmasters on November 6. *Branch Meetings* at Ryan's, 301, High Street. November 10, December 8, 22.

(l) *Norwood*.—We are glad to say that we have now been able to find a room for our meetings: they will be held in future at Emmanuel Hall, Tritton Road, West Dulwich, every other Friday at 8 p.m. All members from other branches and groups are very welcome. *Guest-nights* on October 23, November 13 and November 27. ROBBIE.

(m) *Richmond*.—*Meetings* on 2nd Tuesdays in the month at Wigan Institute or Alder Road Gymnasium (Mortlake Station), on 4th Thursdays at Eton Street Schools.

(n) *West Ham*.—This is our maiden effort in the JOURNAL. Now that our growing pains are ceasing (we shall soon celebrate our first anniversary) we hope to chronicle our activities more regularly. During the few months that we have been a group we have come to realise how much the Toc H spirit is needed in West Ham and it reassures us that our membership is gradually increasing; we have nearly fifty members and there is abundant work for all who come. Our Den, which is in Balaam Street, Plaistow, is very comfortable and convenient, and we invite any Toc H people to come and visit "the asses in the street of Balaam." The Den is open every night but we usually have speakers on the second and fourth Friday in each month. Our entertainment secretary and his committee have been hard at work on the winter's programme. On October 12, a musical evening was given at the local Church Army Centre in aid of their funds. Two more will be given on November 2 and November 30, in the same cause at similar centres. A concert will be given by the "Midnight Rovers Concert Party," at the Richard Foster Hall, Beckton Road, on November 14, in aid of Group Funds, while a dance in the same cause will be held at Lees Hall, Canning Town, on November 28 (admission, one shilling). EEJAY.

(o) *Willesden*.—At a meeting held on November 21, H. Ranson Gross resigned the secretaryship, owing to pressure of work. He has borne the brunt of the work of forming the group, and we are glad that he remains a member of it. H. B. Adshead was elected secretary. *Meetings*: November 4, Dance at Minet Hall; November 11, Communion service at 6 a.m. at All Souls' Church, Willesden Junction; November 18, meeting at St. Luke's Hall at 8.15 p.m. H. B. W.

(p) *Tic Tocs Concert Party*.—The following fixtures up to the end of the year have been made:—November 6, Queen Alexandra's Hospital, Gifford House, Roehampton; November 12, Mark I (L.W.H. Bazaar); November 14, St. Jude's Hall, Courtfield Gardens, Kensington; November 20, St. Jude's Church Hall, Hampstead; November 27, Bethnal Green Workhouse; December 4, Cornwall Club, Walworth; December 7, St. John's Institute, Walworth; December 18, Star and Garter Hospital, Richmond; December 21, New End Hospital, Hampstead. In addition to these the party is nearly booked up until the end of May, 1926. We are holding a benefit on March 27 at King George's Hall and hope for a bumper show. Miss Gerry McAllister and Douglas Summers have recently joined the party and are doing exceedingly well. In order to cope with the increasing demands upon us, we are trying to form a second party but *still need recruits*, especially ladies. Help with long distance transport will also be very welcome, particularly if a second party gets going. The programme is gradually being changed, but some of the favourite old numbers will remain. We feel that we are really helping deserving causes, and forwarding the Toc H movement. L. J. B.



MIDDLESBROUGH.—Much water has flowed under the Transporter Bridge since we last appeared in the JOURNAL, so that some of our news is by now ancient history. In July we had our first visit from Padre Garaway and Les Abdy. We sent two delegates to Halifax Conference—the most useful and impressive conference we have experienced so far. We have helped the Missions to Seamen by ship-visiting and by converting the lower-deck of the Institute into a concert hall each Tuesday during the season. Assistance has been given in Probation work by one of our members, and some 40 cases ranging from petty larceny to attempted suicide were dealt with, the probationer in some cases being provided with clothes by our members. At the Mayor's instigation we organised and stewarded a public inspection of the S.S. *Mulbera* in Middlesburgh Docks, and over £100 was handed over to the Mayor's Carnival Fund for Medical Charities; 4,000 people visited the vessel. We agree with the weather report that this was the hottest day! During the carefully calculated absence of the jobmaster, "Sturme" Archer supervised a Flag Day in aid of the Hull Sailors Orphanage. An increase on last year's collection was the result and the boys of the Orphanage band were entertained at the Hippodrome through the kindness of a fellow conspirator in the Rotary Club. A certain amount of "overlapping" crabbled our movements in helping with the local Charity Carnival, but in spite of the chaotic conditions we are able to give individual and corporate service to this object. During a 14 days I.C.F. Crusade we acted as guides, meeting Crusaders as they arrived here and conducting them to billets or meeting places as required. Many of the Crusaders were Toc H members. We commend this "job" to any Branches having Crusades in their districts and will be glad to help them in the matter. We have been heartened by two post-cards from Tubby despatched on two consecutive days! The message on the first card—"Here's a hand-shake in both senses"—bore testimony to the fact that it had been written in an express train. The second card contained the happy information that our letter to Tubby of 26.3.25 had been hung on the notice board of Mark I, Winnipeg. We had a second visit from Padre Garaway on October 8, and now look forward to Arthur Lodge on October 29. Our offspring, South Bank Group, is "sweating on the top line" for Branch status. As parents we take pride in their splendid record of service and fellowship, and their guest nights have been the happiest of gatherings. *Floreat Slaggia!* JOBMASTER.

NORTHAMPTON.—We are pleased to report that we now have our long wished-for Headquarters, which are situated in Bradshaw Street, and consist of a large room, well lighted, very convenient, and exceedingly comfortable. We can now welcome our brothers as we ought to do. We opened the show after Service on September 9. We have appointed Dickenson "Warden of the Lamp." Our Chairman has presented us with a casket to contain the Lamp, designed by Farmer, O.C. our Scout Troop. A Rover Troop has been formed to deal with boys under the Fatherless Boys Scheme. *Meetings* are now held every Wednesday at 8 p.m. Padre Royle is coming to see us on November 4. R. I.

OXFORD.—*Guest nights* at 48, Cornmarket at 8 p.m. November 12, Padre H. J. Fleming opens discussion on "What is Toc H?"; November 19, Visit of members of Oxford Blind Society; November 26, Dr. Selbie on "What is the use of Psychology?"; December 3, Archdeacon Rogers on "The South African Railway Mission"; December 7, Rev. R. R. Martin on "English Historical Costume"; December 12, Branch Birthday Party.

RUGBY.—Since our last appearance in these columns we have been fairly active during the past few months and we hope to extend our activities still further during the winter. We are glad to record a steady increase in membership, but regret the losses the Group has sustained through members leaving the district. In June we had a visit from members of the Birmingham Branch accompanied by Oogaf, who gave the Group a short talk on their further aims now

that they had purchased a "pub" for new quarters. This was followed by an inspiring talk on Toc H ideals. At each meeting which we have held recently members have given us talks in turn on various interesting subjects which have provoked a good deal of discussion. On August 29 and 30, in conjunction with the Coventry Branch, we held a most successful camp for boys on their site at Hampton-in-Arden. We are grateful for all Coventry did in making it a success and our only regret was the small party which attended from here. On September 6 a number of members helped the local hospital with their Harvest Festival and Procession. Saturday, September 12, was a very busy day for members when they assisted the Rugby and District Schools Cricket Association with their School Athletic Festival for which over 1,500 entries were received. On November 5 we are giving a concert and firework display to the children of the United Services Fund Home which is situated near Rugby. We are also opening for the winter the Social Club which we started in the Padre's village early this year. St. Dunstan's have appealed to us to organise an Auction Sale on behalf of the blind soldiers, and we are now very active preparing for this event which takes place on November 7.

JUMBO.

SLEAFORD.—October saw the opening of our winter programme, the first important event being a whist drive and dance in aid of Toc H Boot and Stocking Fund, to which we were able to hand over £10 10s. We had as our guest on October 21, Mr. H. W. Buddon, of the Cranwell Meteorological Department, who talked to us on "Meteorology or weather forecasting." He disposed of most of our superstitions in regard to the weather. We have several jobs in hand, and hope to make steady progress during the winter. *Meetings*: November 11, Toc H evening at R.A.F. Cranwell (Boys' Wing). Barclay Baron. Concert, &c., 6 p.m. November 18, Guest night at 30 Northgate, 7.30 p.m.

R. B.

SOUTH AMERICA: *Buenos Aires*.—Following up my letter (*see October JOURNAL*, p. 280) giving an account of H.R.H. The Patron's visit to the Branch, I am enclosing a souvenir of the occasion which the Central Argentine Railway Co., were good enough to print for us (*reproduced on page 331—as well as such a very delicate piece of engraving can be.*—ED.) The following extracts from a letter, dated September 14, which I received from Hassall, one of our number who lives many miles up country at Rosales, may be of general interest. He writes: "As regards H.R.H. we saw him probably better and more undisturbed at Laboulaye Station than anybody during the whole tour. When the train arrived in the station, his coach, the last of fifteen, was quite off the end of the platform, so we had to get down between the train and some piles of wood &c., to get to him. When we got opposite the Royal Coach, H.R.H. was sitting down, and though half dark, he at once noticed the Toc H badge I was wearing and came along to the side door to speak to me. Finding this locked, he beckoned me round to the back, and there found this door locked also. However he had this unlocked, and called me over to him, asking my name, &c., and then asked me to introduce or rather present all the ladies and gentlemen (English) who had come there to see him. He stayed there chatting for the whole time the train was in the station, a matter of seven minutes, after having shaken hands with every English person present, kids included. He told me what a good show you had had at Rotiro and said how sorry he was not to have seen more of the actual country." We had a very pleasant meeting on Tuesday last with some dozen prospective new members present. Lake Lake, our Chairman, was absent with our Lamp at a meeting of the new Rosario Group, in order to initiate them. He reports Rosario as going along very strongly, they already having started a Scout Group and arranged to provide the necessary men to keep the Local Seamen's Mission open on Sunday evenings. The Mission has not previously been opened on Sundays as the hard-worked staff have needed that day for rest. That I think all will agree is pretty good work for a month old group.

PETO.



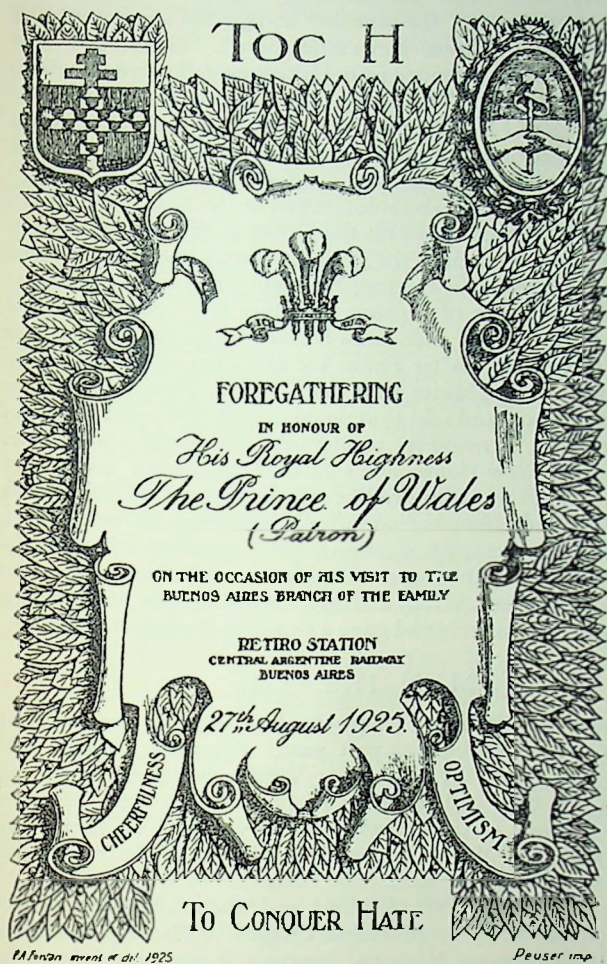
formed after a meeting held at the British Patriotic Society at Rosario, addressed by Lake Lake himself. All the members at present are railway men, and the General Manager of the Central Argentine Railway is taking a great interest in Toc H. A. M. G. Cobbold is chairman, Rev. G. Bennett, padre; B. G. Sherrieff Hilton, secretary; and G. F. A. Paul, jobmaster—Ed.]

SPETISBURY-CUM-CHARLTON MARSHALL. — Members rallied well to our second Quarterly Service to hear Padre Meade. In the morning there had been a corporate Communion. (The announcement that our last was in the evening was due to editorial compression of the day's services.) This place is to have a special link with the Sailor Boys' Hostel at Southampton as one room in it is to be a corner of Dorset, equipped by our folk. Our Toc H Scout Troop flourishes.

BILL DRURY.

SWINDON. — Our activities during October have included two guest nights, and we have also taken on a job of work for the Y.M.C.A. On September 29 Mr. Jock Austin came to us, and talked on "Fellowship," a subject which was of great interest to us all. On October 14 we had as

A. W. J. D.



our guest Rev. E. H. Goddard, of Cliffe Pypard, who chatted for well over an hour to a crowded house on "Archæological Interests around Swindon." A lively fire of questions followed, testifying to the interest of the members. The branch has taken on a job of work for the Y.M.C.A. Fancy Fair and Carnival, to be held on October 28 at the Town Hall, our responsibility being the Carnival Novelty Stall, which will no doubt suit our less sedate members. *Guest nights*: November 10, Mr. Peter King on "Richard Jefferies"; November 24, Conversation of all local Boy Workers. H. T. Michelmore (Exeter Branch) will chat on "The Function of a Juvenile Organisations Council." A. W. J. D.



**TYNESIDE CONFERENCE:** *Tyneside activities were very fully reported in last month's JOURNAL. This month, in place of separate branch and group notes, we have received the full report of the North-Eastern Area Rally, from which the following extracts are taken:—*The Rally was held at Newcastle-on-Tyne on October 10: the branches and groups represented were Durham, Craghead, Cullercoats, Felling, Gateshead, Newcastle, South Shields, and West Hartlepool, and members or prospective members attended from Hebburn-on-Tyne, Sunderland, Tanfield and Tantobie, Wallsend, and Wooley. The Rally opened with the ceremony of "Light" at 3.30 p.m., when four Lamps of Maintenance were used. Lt.-Col. W. de Garis Martin ("Martini") took the chair, and welcomed all present, especially visitors and members of the L.W.H. Apologies for absence were received from Lt.-Gen. Sir Charles ("Tim") Harington, the Sheriff of Newcastle (Sir W. Noble, who is interested in the New Mark XVIII) and others. Dr. J. B. McDougall ("Mac") then spoke on the best way of spreading Toc H. He emphasized the personal method and "spreading the gospel without preaching it," and the importance of the *family* idea (so successful in treating his own tuberculous patients at Wooley Sanatorium). He urged the importance of keeping the history of Toc H alive, and instructing the young members in it as they join. Men from the factory or the public school will do a job if asked and if given the vision. After Padre Vic Hill (late Durham Branch) and Bishop Wood had spoken, Canon Leslie Hunter (late hon. Padre, Newcastle Branch) talked on the necessity for being adventurous, and said that wonderful things could come out of Mark XVIII, the Newcastle adventure, if members would back up Padre Slater there. Padre Slater then gave some details of the New House, and said that young men to-day have ideals which they need to be shown how to put into practice: that is where the jobmaster's work comes in. The jobmasters of Tyneside branches and groups then made reports (much on the lines of the notes in last month's JOURNAL, pp. 292-295.) At 6 p.m. the united family took tea in a café, and a jolly party was held, the outstanding features of which were items from the Gateshead Choral Society (Toc H and L.W.H.) and from South Shields' two clowns.

At 9 p.m. Padre Tom Garaway (Hull) took prayers and gave a simple and moving address.

## LEAGUE OF WOMEN HELPERS.

**WINNIPEG.**—Although the Canadian Toc Emmas have not appeared in the JOURNAL before they have been coming into existence during the past year. After the Carnival held last October, which enlisted the help and sympathy of so many Winnipeg women for Toc H, with such good results, we thought the time had come for proper organisation. We have 30 members—all keen. One group attends to the household linen weekly; another group takes charge of mending for the hostellers of Mark I (C), while a third group looks after our beautiful little chapel, which is becoming rich with memorials. Another evidence of women's work is the furnishing of the Dining Room by the War Widows and Widowed Mothers' Association, and the furnishing of the Quiet Room by the Municipal Chapter of The Imperial Order of the Daughters of The Empire. Both these are Memorial Rooms. A number of the members visit the Institute for the Blind and read to them during the noon hour. To help swell funds to pay for the House a very enjoyable recital was recently given by the pupils of one of our members and more recently a card party. The visit of Tubby and Pat was a great inspiration and a wonderful help to all members. At a special meeting of Toc Emmas on the Sunday of their stay in Winnipeg Tubby gave a delightful sketch of the beginning of the women's work in connection with Toc H. He stressed the necessity of prayer with works, and in conclusion suggested that "Toc Emmas" should be "invisible aunts." At present we meet at Mark I (C), but when this house is paid for we hope we may have a sister to "New June" in Winnipeg. We shall be glad to meet any Toc Emmas or friends of Tocaichers coming to Winnipeg. A. N. C.